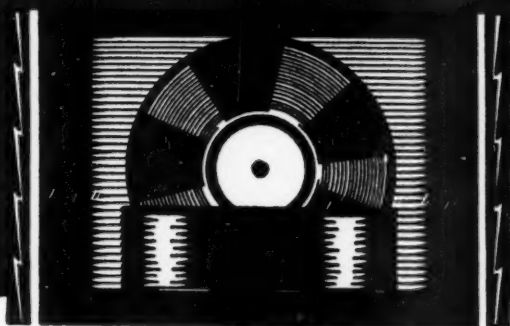


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EDITED BY PETER HUGH REED

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The American Music Lover

A MUSICAL CONNOISSEUR'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

Volume III, No. 5

1937

From Jazz to Bach

AN EDITORIAL

JAZZ, we are told, will be incorporated in the regular music courses at New York University beginning with the new Fall semester. Professor Alfred N. Greenfield, Administrative Chairman of Music, recently made an announcement to this effect. In connection with it, he stated that he felt no student of music could afford to lose sight of the fact that our contemporary popular music, under its newest label of "Swing," is the modern spontaneous musical expression; and further, that no general music course could ignore swing's great hold on the entire population. Its teaching, he considers, is consistent with keeping abreast of the times. Popular orchestra leaders are being invited as guest speakers in connection with this new course.

This announcement seems to me to be significant of the regard for modern dance music as well as for the music of such great masters as Bach and Beethoven held by many people.

In my lecture tour across the country, I brought out on the platform the fact that many phonophiles owned large collections of swing music records along with extensive collections of Bach and Beethoven, and Palestrina, Purcell and other predecessors of Bach. As I travelled from coast to coast I met and talked with quite a number of record enthusiasts and was much surprised to learn how many, without knowing each other, pursued this policy of forming a record collection. My contention, from the platform, that much of the music of Bach was not far removed from "swing" was accepted by some as a valid one, and by others as an absurd one.

The significance of the form of record collecting noted above deserves some thought, however, no matter how people regard it, because, strange

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Ernest La Prade

Director of the NBC-Home Symphony

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ERNEST LA PRADE

and the NBC-Home Symphony

By PETER HUGH REED

IN October, Ernest La Prade and The NBC-Home Symphony return to the air.* Perhaps no radio program, devised especially for urging participation on the part of listeners at home, has ever been more successful than this one.

If you do not know about the NBC-Home Symphony or about its talented director, Ernest La Prade, whose official position is Director of Musical Research at the National Broadcasting Company, let us tell you about them.

The NBC-Home Symphony is a program created especially for amateurs, so that they can enjoy the experience of playing in an orchestra. All who play orchestral instruments — or the piano — are cordially invited by Mr. La Prade and the sponsors of the program to become members of this orchestra and to experience the pleasure of sharing, in their own homes, in performances of the standard symphonic literature by a radio orchestra.

It is of interest to know that the compositions are chosen from the contest lists of the National School Orchestra Association, which has done so much for the development of musical appreciation in the past decade among the school children of this country. The Home Symphony not only enables the amateur at home to participate in a symphonic performance, but it also provides an opportunity to members of high school orchestras to learn, through cooperation with a professional orchestra, the tradition tempi and interpretation of compositions which they are studying in their school orchestras.

The NBC-Home Symphony began its first series of broadcasts in October 1936.

*The date, time and network (National Broadcasting Co.) will be announced later. Watch your daily paper.

"It was an experiment in the beginning," says Mr. La Prade, "which soon, however, grew into a well-established procedure. At the end of three months we had an active membership of over five thousand 'players-in'. Our correspondence became voluminous. Timid music lovers, who had been shirking the joys of active participation, wrote us that they were enjoying the 'work-out' and finding it as much and even more fun to play badly in a Mozart Symphony than to hear it played well. Some complained that the time of the broadcast was all too short. 'I hardly have my flute warmed up and my lips broken in when it is time to stop', wrote one man. This is typical of the endorsement which has been given our efforts."

If we have stirred your interest, you are probably asking: how can one participate in the NBC-Home Symphony? The procedure is simple. The programs are all announced well in advance, so that each desirous participant can buy the musical parts for the instrument he wants to play. Ample opportunity for tuning string and wind instruments is provided at the beginning of the broadcast by the sounding of "A". For a few seconds before each work a metronome beat indicates the tempo. After that, as Mr. La Prade says, "each man is on his own."

No one could have been better chosen to conduct these broadcasts, in our estimation, than Ernest La Prade. He has long been associated with orchestral playing and conducting, and his unselfish devotion to and understanding of this work is absolute.

"Curious as it may seem," he states, "I am more interested in the 'players-in', their problems and their enjoyment of the program than I am in being the conductor."

Ernest La Prade was born in Memphis, Tennessee, at a time when a musical career

in the South was regarded unfavorably. "A professional musician was considered then as a kind of social pariah, about one step above a Republican," he states. "Hence it was a shock to my family when I announced my intention of becoming one, although like our friends and neighbors they did not regard it seriously, but rather as a boyish whim.

"My first initiation to the wonders of music came when I was ten years of age. At this time, an elderly Englishman by the name of Fenton, who was in the belting business, arrived in Memphis. An amateur violinist, he used to play long hours for his own amusement in his room where I often came to listen, entranced and inspired. Fenton gave me my first lessons on the violin. After he left Memphis, I became a pupil of Jacob Bloom, who had recently settled in Memphis, after being the head of the violin department of the Cincinnati Conservatory. He was an excellent teacher. Not only did he give me sound grounding in violin technique but he also inspired me with intense, burning enthusiasm for the art. It is of interest to know that Mr. Bloom, now in his 94th year, still lives in Memphis and takes an active interest in the violin.

"Under Bloom's tutelage I eventually became a proficient violinist and attained the distinction of being referred to as the 'boy Ysaye of the South'. As no higher achievement there seemed possible, I decided to seek new worlds to conquer."

"Dubbing me the 'boy Ysaye of the South' has its amusing side," added Mr. La Prade, who owns a keen sense of humor. "In those days society reporters wrote about music. So when Ysaye made his first appearance in Memphis in 1906, and I had my first public concert shortly following, the reporters could think of no higher distinction. My elation can be imagined."

After leaving Memphis, La Prade pursued his studies at the Cincinnati College of Music, graduating in 1911 as a concert violinist with "great distinction" and a gold medal. The year following he entered the Brussels Conservatory as a pupil of Cesar Thomson. In 1914, he went to London and became a member of a leading quartet.

Returning to America in the Spring of 1917, he was commissioned in the U. S. Army Flying Corps. At the termination of the war and upon leaving the service, he joined the

New York Symphony Orchestra as first violinist. Mr. La Prade has taught with distinction and likewise served as a judge of many musical contests. From 1928 to 1935, he assisted Walter Damrosch in preparation and presentation of NBC Music Appreciation Hour and also helped prepare and direct many important commercial programs.

Mr. La Prade is the author of *Alice in Orchestrabilia*, which has been published in England and Sweden as well as in this country. A radio adaptation by the author of this book ran 76 weeks on NBC, and has also been broadcast in Holland, South Africa and Australia.

Thus it will be noted Ernest La Prade, with his particular background, is well suited to direct the NBC-Home Symphony.

The violin and the piano are the most widely endorsed instruments among those who participate in the orchestra's broadcasts.

"First violin parts come first," says Mr. La Prade. "To date, we have had orders for nearly 1200 of these. Piano parts have run close to 700, second violin parts around 350, viola parts about 250; this last figure is tied by the big bass, and the bassoon has nearly reached the 200 mark.

"Our correspondence is most encouraging, and practically everyone refers to the broadcast as 'our program'."

The letters received are indeed very interesting and filled, for the most part, with enthusiasm and not a little human interest. Many deserve to be reprinted in their entirety, but owing to space limitations, we will have to content ourselves with some quotations.

"It is just about 25 years since I played with my college orchestra," writes a minister, "and I have played very little since . . . I suppose I am like about 100,000 other people some of whom you may help to reform. I practiced hard on all three numbers this week, and yet I hardly got my balance until we were half way through . . . It was lots of fun, and every one in a while I got a note right, and one piece I played clear through without any very serious mistakes."

"I think the NBC-Home Symphony is a perfectly swell idea," writes a particularly

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On Bach Transcriptions Again

By NATHAN BRODER

FROM the laudatory oral and written comments that have been coming in concerning Mr. Brewster's lively article on Bach transcriptions^a, it is evident that the opinions expressed in that article reflect the beliefs of many music lovers. It may be well, therefore, before presenting a side of the problem with which Mr. Brewster did not concern himself, to discuss one or two contradictions in his argument.

We read that "were (Bach's) music to languish on library shelves, or were it to be heard only within the confines of the church, the eager concert-goer would be deprived of some of the most magnificent music ever written. Let us therefore, logically reasons the transcriber, adapt it so that it can be heard in the concert hall."

A little later we find: "Then there is the cry of 'Desecration!' raised whenever any tinkering is done to an established masterpiece. To me this attitude is . . . based on a false premise. If a cartoonist chose to burlesque a Rubens painting to make a comic holiday . . . we do not . . . tear up the stairs to the editor's office with a rope in our hands shouting 'Desecration!' Why is this? Because (and this is the vital point) the original painting remains untouched. We can still admire the breathless beauty of the Rubens masterpiece no matter what vulgar ink-splasher chooses to make a parody of it. And so with music."

But a musical score, unlike a painting, does not offer its treasures to everyone. It remains to most people just meaningless scrawls on paper until it is heard. If a Bach composition languishes on library shelves or is heard only in the church, how can the eager concert-goer still admire its breathless beauty?

As a matter of fact, the contention that Bach's organ compositions are inaccessible to the music lover becomes weaker and weak-

er every day. There are frequent organ recitals in most large cities and Bach's works form the backbone of the programs. Moreover the rapidly growing list of recordings of these compositions played on the organ helps to debate the argument. It is not that the organ works cannot be heard, but that they are not *enjoyed* as organ works by the average music lover. We shall see why later.

Again, Mr. Brewster writes: "The purists say that the character of a work such as a Bach fugue is completely changed in the process (of transcription). But this is impossible, since the most important characteristics of the composition — the melody, the harmony, the counterpoint — are transferred, *intact*, to the transcription."

On the next page, however, he discourses approvingly of the Elgar arrangement of the *Fantasia and Fugue in C minor*, in which "Elgar takes it upon himself to embroider Bach's notes with his own rapid, running string accompaniment in demi-semiquavers." We have, then, not Bach "intact," but Bach-cum-Elgar, which is something quite different.

* * * *

The views of those who oppose transcriptions of Bach may be briefly sketched as follows:

It should be the aim of those who reproduce Bach's music to achieve a performance that would be in all essentials the kind of performance that Bach wanted. The ideal performance would be one played on the instruments for which Bach scored, and played in a manner that would reproduce all the nuances that must have been in Bach's mind when he wrote the piece.

Admittedly such a performance would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to attain. In the

^aThe article appeared in the July issue of THE AMERICAN MUSIC LOVER.

first place, to get instruments that would sound exactly like those of Bach's day is almost out of the question. The wind instruments in Bach's orchestra are all differently constructed today and played differently — the problem of the *clarino* trumpet, for example, is familiar. Schweitzer searched all Europe to find an organ that only approximates that on which Bach played. Even the violin sounded differently because it was played with a curved bow. Modern harpsichords are not made the way Bach's were and the fingering used today is quite different from that employed by the master.** In the second place, the ideal performance, in the absence of tempo and dynamic indications in authentic scores, would require a profound knowledge of Bach's technique plus sound intuitive musicianship. The combination of these two qualities in a single performer or conductor is, alas, extremely rare.

But if we cannot duplicate exactly the kind of performance that Bach wanted (and no doubt achieved when he played the organ or clavier), we should try to get as close to it as possible, or else we shall never really understand Bach and the whole musical development of which he was the towering pinnacle. A Bach organ composition played by a full symphony orchestra is no more Bach than a Van Gogh study after Delacroix is Delacroix.

* * *

If an authentic performance of a Bach composition is so difficult to attain, what can most transcriptions be but mere parodies? And if these parodies are popular nowadays, it can only mean that the average music lover is interested, not in penetrating to the mind of a man who was perhaps the greatest musical genius the world has seen, but in enjoying the play of the colors of the orchestra on the poignant harmonies supplied by Bach. Yet who can say that the music lover is wrong? The symphony orchestra is the most magnificent instrument ever known. For many years we have basked in the tonal glories conjured up by such orchestral wizards as Berlioz, Wagner, Strauss, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Mahler, Stravinsky. We have become thoroughly infected with instrumental elephantiasis. Why listen to only nine instruments play a Brandenburg Concerto when we can hear it done by sixty? Who wants to hear the *praeludio* of the E major Partita for violin played by one little fiddle when Pick-Mangiagalli has obligingly arranged it for forty? When we want a chorale-prelude, do we choose a sober performance on an organ? No; we thrill to the warm sonorities of a full

array of strings, woodwinds, brass, and percussion.

But if this attitude is perhaps inevitable in view of the historical development of music is an art, our complacency in the matter of transcriptions has had unfortunate results. Not only have we drifted away from Bach's music as he and his contemporaries heard it; the virus of transcription has spread until we are now deluged by arrangements for which there is no excuse whatever. Piano works are transcribed which are frequently played and wholly satisfactory in their original form (*Claire de Lune*, *La Cathédrale engloutie*); a vocal masterpiece is tortured into a string arrangement (Palestrina's *Adoramus te*) and in the process all the delicate care lavished by a great genius on making the musical high points of a polyphonic composition correspond with the verbal accents is blotted out to make a conductor's holiday; and, to return for a moment to Bach, what service is performed for whom by an orchestral transcription of a prelude or fugue from the *Well-Tempered Clavier*? For one *tour de force* like the Musorgsky-Ravel *Pictures at an Exhibition* there are a dozen displays of bad taste like the gross and circumsy Respighi version of Bach's *Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor*. Perhaps the height of impertinence was reached a few years ago with Weingartner's orchestration of Beethoven's *Hammerklavier Sonata*. The great conductor apparently felt that Beethoven didn't know what he was about when he wrote the work as a piano sonata, and proceeded to salvage what was left of the poor composer's reputation by dressing the composition in its proper clothes as a symphony.

* * *

We have, then, two seemingly irreconcilable schools of thought: on one side are those who believe that we should try to reproduce Bach's works in a manner as close as possible to that in which he must have wanted them played; on the other side are those whose ears have been so "conditioned" by all the music heard that was written since the eighteenth century that the bare and comparatively colorless instrumentation of an authentic performance does not appeal to them. Is there any way of bringing about a *rapprochement* between the two camps? Is there any common ground upon which a compromise acceptable to both sides may be struck? The writer thinks there is. Perhaps it can be

**The reader interested in the instruments used by Bach will find a wealth of information in Charles Sanford Terry's "*Bach's Orchestra*."

best explained in terms of a personal experience.

Recently I heard the Schweitzer recording of Bach's *Toccatà and Fugue in D minor*. This was immediately followed by the Stokowski transcription of the same work. I found myself preferring the orchestral version. This disturbed me, for I am what Mr. Brewster would call a purist. As I searched for a reason for my instinctive preference, various hypotheses occurred to me. For one, it was likely that the learned doctor did not play the work as it must have been played two centuries ago by its composer, the greatest organist of his time. For another, perhaps I was not able temporarily to throw off the combined effect of all the post-Bach music I had heard and to listen as an eighteenth-century auditor. But even if I accepted both these propositions as true, a satisfactory solution of the problem did not coalesce in my mind.

After much thought and discussion, however, a point arose that seemed to touch on the heart of the matter. Why were Bach's greatest works written for vocal combinations or for organ? Is it because his finest music is religious in character and the voice and organ are the appropriate instruments for such music? No doubt this is largely true — one thinks of the *St. Matthew Passion*, the *Mass in B minor*, the organ chorale-preludes — but it does not account for such non-ecclesiastical music as our *Toccatà* or the great *Passacaglia in C minor*. No; the answer seems to be that *the voice and the organ were the most expressive media at Bach's command*.

The expressive power of the human voice underlay all of Bach's musical thinking, no matter what instruments he wrote for — and in spite of the characteristic instrumental effects he achieved. Philip Emanuel Bach wrote that his father was able to get the effect of singing not only on the clavichord, but also on the harpsichord. In his *Versuch über die wahre Art das Klavier zu spielen* the younger Bach suggests: "... one must neglect no opportunity to hear skilled singers: one learns thereby to think in a singing manner, and one would do well afterwards to sing a (musical) idea first in order to hit upon the proper way of playing it."

Of all the instruments available to Sebastian Bach, the one that most nearly approached the human voice was the organ;

moreover the organ could be written for polyphonically. That is why he wrote so many of his finest instrumental compositions for the organ.

But the organ is far from the perfect instrumental substitute for the human voice. It is incapable of reproducing all the fine nuances possible to a good singer or a good choir; it cannot be made to yield the delicate stresses and dynamic changes that mould a phrase and give it life. But Bach chose the organ because no other instrument or combination of instruments could give him the sustained singing tone he wanted for certain types of polyphonic compositions. We may assume, therefore, that if we could have such compositions played on an instrumental combination that would reproduce the music with a sustained tone plus the expressive articulation of good singers, the result would be even closer to Bach's desires than when played on an organ. Such a combination is available to us in the string section of a first-rate orchestra. It was not available to Bach: a group of players who could perform a polyphonic work as one man, phrasing the melodies as good singers would phrase them, is a comparatively recent development arising out of circumstances that did not exist in Bach's time — an abundance of virtuoso artists, long ensemble training under competent conductors, and so on.

Even if Schweitzer were a better organist than he is, the Stokowski version of the *Toccatà and Fugue* would be more satisfactory because the Philadelphia Orchestra can sing as no organ can. We do not mean to imply that this transcription is a perfect one from our viewpoint — the obvious imitations of an organ, the irrelevant application of woodwind and brass color, the erratic tempi, all militate against its acceptance as such. But we have arrived at a possible basis for the compromise mentioned above. If a sound, penetrating musician thoroughly familiar with Bach's technique were to transcribe the organ works for strings, we would have perhaps an even better idea of the essential attributes of those works than could be gained from performances on an organ; because of the comparatively neutral color of the strings the ear would not be distracted, and the essential nature of the music falsified, by irrelevant sonorities; and the average music lover would be held by the expressive qualities of the instruments as he is held by the expressive qualities of good singing.

OVERTONES

OUR Russian correspondent, Eugene Weintraub, sent us the following information regarding the record situation in the U. S. S. R.:

"Before the revolution there existed in Moscow the Anglo-Russian Co., Ltd., which controlled the Russian output and sale of all gramophone records. No machines were made. The matrices were made in other countries and reproduced in Moscow.

"Having a world of other things to do, the Soviets did not concern themselves, the first year after the Revolution, with the making of records, but in 1920, two and a half million records (mostly from old matrices), of which the majority were of a political nature (speeches etc.), were issued. In 1931 the Council of Peoples Commissars decreed that gramophone machines were to be manufactured.

"At this writing there is a factory in Leningrad which produces each year 300,000 machines (built from the English portable style). Another plant producing the same number is situated in Colamna, near Moscow.

"With regard to records, there are two factories, one in Aprilafka, the other in Noginsk, outside of Moscow. These produce 50 million records yearly. All this is directed by a Gramplast Trust (gram, taken from the word gramophone; plast, the Russian word for disc). The needles are manufactured in Vladimir, a Moscow suburb.

"There are also some small co-operative trusts, mainly in Leningrad, which produce from two to three million records each year. Inquiring about these, I was informed that the output of the large trust is not sufficient and therefore these small companies are allowed to operate to take care of the demand.

"There are five types of recordings issued here: political speeches, symphony and operatic, national material, jazz, and dramatic readings. Most of the material issued concerns itself with political speeches and national music. And because of the demand for these types of recordings, especially folk music, we do not find a great variety of opera and symphony records. We must consider the millions who make up the Soviet population, with its vastly scattered nation-

alities, each with its own distinct art: ignorance of the masterworks of Western music results in small demand for those opera and symphony recordings with which we are familiar. (I might add that education in this regard is progressing rapidly. The Moscow and Leningrad musical organizations travel to remote regions of the Soviet Union for four months, bringing this culture to people who know none but their own).

"Neither machines nor records are of the highest type. Of course, like most things here, they are being continually perfected and a special studio is being built — at the cost of 15 million rubles. Here it will be possible to produce finer records. The Third Five-Year Plan calls for the production of 200 million records each year (I think this is near the world consumption mark)."

* * * *

From England comes the information that Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra went largely Russian the last time he recorded for Victor. Besides the symphonic synthesis from Moussorgsky's *Boris*, we are informed he also recorded Borodin's *Polovt'sian Dances* from *Prince Igor*, and Stravinsky's *Petroushka* in its entirety.

This is good news, and the kind of news which we feel our readers will be interested in. It is unfortunate that we cannot obtain it direct from those in charge of matters in this country, but that's the way it is.

* * * *

Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra have recorded Mozart's *Prague Symphony*, K. 504. This is the symphony without a minuet, which Kleiber with the same orchestra once recorded for HMV, and which, for some unaccountable reason, was never re-released in this country.

* * * *

Admirers of Chopin's music will be glad to hear that Arthur Rubinstein has recorded the *Nocturnes* for HMV in England. Rubinstein's performances of Chopin's *Scherzi* and *Polonaises* have already found considerable praise in these pages. Our knowledge of him and our belief in him as an artist prompts us to predict that his latest Chopin recordings will be proven as fine as those already in existence.

JOSEPH MARX

AND THE POST-WOLF GERMAN LIED

By PHILIP MILLER

WITH the turn of the last century there closed the most brilliant chapter in the history of German song. It was the chapter which began with Mozart's *Das Veilchen* (in which the essence of the old solo cantata was concentrated within the limits of the song form) and continued with the *volkstümliche lieder* of Reichardt and Zelter, the dramatic ballads of Loewe, and the fusion of the elements of all of these in the songs of Schubert. Schumann added his poetic refinement, and Franz his contrapuntal and vocal perfection. Then followed Brahms with the richness and freshness of his art and his love for the old German folksong. Finally the best of all of these was summed up in Hugo Wolf, who added an uncanny and unflinching sense of rightness which makes successful song composition after him seem almost an impossibility.

The lied had always been a small form — the very reason and purpose of its existence was concentration. It is for this reason that Wolf's position as the crowning glory of German song is so secure and unassailable. In his music we find the means of expression reduced to the absolute minimum, and every ounce utilized and developed. He could set forth in a few measures more of emotion and drama than we find in many a full-length opera.

Though certain of his contemporaries and followers, notably Erich Wolff, Weingartner, Henschel, Bungert, D'Albert and Von Fielitz, carried on the pure traditions of the lied as a form in miniature, the general tendency of the period which followed Wolf was towards expansion. This enlarging of the form was accomplished in a number of different ways.

In Strauss the tendency manifests itself in pure virtuosity. Reger, the contrapuntist, introduced a new note by the use of his prodigious skill; and despite his love of moving freely from key to key and somehow coming out right in the end, he commanded a sim-

plicity which is altogether charming. With both Strauss and Reger, and more especially with the early Schönberg and Mahler, we find a growing interest in the orchestrated song. This, of course, was no new thing, but it took on a new impetus in the hands of these men, and is perhaps the outstanding symptom of the tendency towards bigness. Wolf himself played with this idea, and produced at least one song (or more properly a *scena*, *Prometheus*) in which the piano is inadequate to collaborate with the voice.



Joseph Marx About Ten Years Ago

Joseph Marx, though alive today and occasionally still publishing, belongs properly, like Strauss, to this post-Wolf period. Though his later songs show that he has not failed to keep abreast of the times, it was in the years preceding the war that he composed most prolifically, and it is by the songs of those years that he is known to us today. In them we find the skill and freedom of a

Reger, the daring of a Strauss, the largeness of a Mahler, and the poetic sensitiveness of an Erich Wolff. His main fault, I should say, is a tendency to over-ripeness. His harmonies are rich and chromatic — patently post-Wagnerian — and his facility is amazing. Most of his songs, taken by themselves, are well-written and effective, but a program of Marx songs — or indeed even a group of them — would be a dangerous undertaking for any singer. His lieder are not for amateurs: both singer and pianist must be first-rate to do them justice.

He too has orchestrated his best known songs, but I, for one, feel that they are usually more effective when done with the piano. It is quite true that they tax the instrument and the player to the utmost, but, paradoxical as it may seem, because of their very massiveness, these accompaniments (if we must use the old-fashioned word) give a greater sense of climax when played on the piano.

Joseph Marx was born in Graz, May 18, 1882. His principal teacher was Js. Lorenz Wenzel. He won his Ph.D. with a thesis on "The function of intervals, harmony and melody." In 1914 he was appointed Professor of composition in the State Music Academy in Vienna, and in 1922 he succeeded Ferdinand Loewe as Director. He has composed in various forms and media, having won particular distinction in chamber music, and contributed to the repertoire of modern piano music. Nevertheless, he is best known to us in his lieder, and it is with certain of these that we will here concern ourselves.

The list is headed by a very lovely *Wie einst*, which was composed in 1903, and shows the early influence of Robert Franz. This is a lied in the purest tradition, bearing a relationship to the *Schlichte Weisen* of Reger. Melody and accompaniment are simple, and the quiet charm of Ella Treubigg's poem has been most successfully caught. Though it gives no hint of the richness of the songs to follow, *Wie einst* shows the composer's contrapuntal skill.

By the year 1906 the composer was finding his stride, and the poems which he chose to set at that time are more typical of the Marx we know. Three songs of that year demand our consideration. *Septembermorgen* is a true gem. If I were to pick a favorite among the songs of Marx, this would probably be the one. The poem is by Möricke, and

describes the morning mists which gradually clear away as the song progresses. The superb melody follows closely the natural inflection of words, and there is a magnificent climax on "Im warmen Golde fliessen" and a rapturous postlude.

Windräder is a picturesque poem by Oskar Falke. "The windmills go on through night and death." The accompaniment is pictorial, and with its shifting harmonies very effective. *Wanderers Nachtlied* is a setting of the familiar Goethe verse beginning "Der du von Himmel bist," and takes a place of honor among the many settings of the text. Much simpler in texture than what we find to be the typical Marx song, it shares with the type two outstanding features. One is the working up to the climax on "süßer Friede," and the other the really devastating postlude. There is an unpretentious chordal background for the melody, but in this are expressed the restlessness and longing of the poem.

Bitte, to words of Hermann Hesse, dates from 1907. One of the simpler songs, it is built on a figure in the piano part, somewhat in the manner of Hugo Wolf. However, this resemblance strikes the eye more forcibly than the ear. This song, too, has a fine triumphant postlude.

1908 saw the composition of what must surely be the best known of all the Marx songs — *Hat dich die Liebe berührt*. Like all the big rhapsodic ones, this lied needs more than adequate performers. Paul Heyse's poem tells of the raptures of love, and the music gives a description so complete that nothing is left to be said. The vocal line and that of the piano carry on a sort of super-counterpoint — for each is a complete thing in itself—yet they rise together to dizzy heights of expressiveness on the word "strahlend." Again the piano has the last eloquent word.

Perhaps even more ecstatic and overwhelming is the song *Im Maien*, to words by Julius von Rodenberg. I doubt if any other spring song can compare with it for sheer grandiosity. *O süßer Tod* (A. von Platen) is a soft and restless song of great expressiveness. *Jugend und Alter* presents a remarkably successful translation of Walt Whitman into German, and the music is full of contrasts. The very appearance of the first page suggests "Youth, large, lusty, loving," and the last "sleep and restoring darkness." Nowhere does Marx make more uncompromising demands upon the performers.

Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht is too well known to need more than a mention here. Its Viennese lilt, and such touches as the sustained high A on the word "mir" cannot fail of their effect if properly performed. The song is one of the most sure-fire of the composer's output.

The following year was a productive one and saw the birth of the best of the songs. *Japanisches Regentlied* (P. Louys) is simple and suggestive, and can hardly fail in its effect. The final line is a beautiful one: "Ist auch endlos meine Liebe, seit ich dich zuerst erschaut." *Barkarole* (A. von Schack) is in distinct contrast, and more characteristic. Newman has singled it out as the best of all the songs, calling it "a spiritually conceived scheme splendidly carried out on an unusually large scale."

Valse de Chopin is one of several set to Hartleben's translations of the *Pierrot Lunaire* of Albert Giraud. As might be expected, these settings are a very different matter from those of Schönberg and Kowalski. The *Valse* shows Marx writing effectively in the macabre vein, and the song has become fairly popular. It was written for voice with piano and string quartet, but it is usually done with the piano alone.

Another masterpiece is *Ein junger Dichter denkt an die Geliebte*, of which the text is translated from the Chinese. It is in appearance one of the simpler Marx songs, but it is not easy either to sing or play. The piano part suggests the better known *Marienlied*, also written in 1909. This little gem is a hymn of devotion to the Virgin, on a poem by Novalis, the young mystic poet who is said to have willed himself to death because of the loss of his betrothed. "I look upon thee in a thousand pictures, but none of them can show thee as my soul knows thee. I only know that in contemplation the turmoil of the world fades away, and the eternal peace of heaven fills my spirit." The record by Elisabeth Schumann (Victor 1661) should be owned by all lovers of the beautiful in song. Mme. Schumann is one of the subtlest of vocal colorists, and her voice glows through this little lied like a candle upon an altar. What I said above about the orchestrations of these songs should not be taken too seriously here, for the background on the record has real atmosphere. The superb harmonic coloring in this song should be remarked, especially at the words "seitdem mir wie ein Traum verweht," where the effect is as of the clearing away of clouds.

Wladimir von Hartlieb's *An einen Herbstwind* furnishes the inspiration for another of the big and dramatic songs, written in 1910. The coloring is forceful and stark. *Regen*, on a translation of Verlaine, is hardly as good as several of the familiar French settings. In the piano part Marx becomes unusually pictorial, but he is more successful in depicting emotions than picturing nature. *Der Ton* is a rhapsody in praise of music to words of Knut Hansen. The broad and forceful *Gebet* (Gustav Falke), marked "stürmisch," has a moving piano part against a sustained vocal line, rather in the manner of Brahms. The postlude is masterly.

To this year also belongs *Der Rauch*, a fine song to the poem by Rudolf Hans Bartsch, about the burning of an old grape vine which had produced fine wines in other years. The air is one of gentle melancholy, and there are fine descriptive touches in the vocal line.

Lied eines Mädchens, again by Hartlieb, sets forth the unnamable longing of a young girl. The chromaticism of the accompaniment gives the proper dreamy effect, and there is an unresolved suspension at the end. The trill in the piano part is difficult to play, but affords one more example of the purpose behind the difficulties of these songs.

Of the popular *Nocturne* (1911) I must say that I consider it less successful than others of the big type. Possibly this is because it seems to sum up all the richest and most colorful features of all the others. It may be the most typical of all, but because of its very fulsomeness it is less effective. More than any of the others it depends absolutely upon the abilities of the performing artists. *Waldseligkeit*, on the other hand, with its fine open melody, is altogether irresistible. The poem is by Dehmel.

We have five songs to consider from 1912. First the peaceful *Selige Nacht* (Hartleben) which combines a Marxian richness with a quiet atmosphere. The others are from the *Italienisches Liederbuch* set. *Am Brunnen* is the song of a young girl who asks her mother not to send her alone to the well, because she meets a boy there, and no one can tell what may happen. Its gentle irony and delicate humor make it seem a natural for Elisabeth Schumann; let us hope she will one day sing it for us.

Die Liebste spricht could almost be by Hugo Wolf, with its accompanying figure and speechlike vocal line. There is a surprising modulation in the piano part at the end. *Sendung* is a folksy little song of the four greetings the lover sends while on his journey. It is a simple thought directly and beautifully expressed. *Nimm dir ein schönes Weib* might be translated as "Specifications for a wife." The humor of the poem is brought out in the shifting harmonies and capricious time changes. The ending is magnificent. It will be seen that these Italian songs represent a departure from the earlier Marx style. As was inevitable they suggest the settings from the same collection by Hugo Wolf, and be it said to their credit, they stand up surprisingly well. They are shorter than most Marx songs, and less elaborate and colorful.

That gives us, I think, a fairly good cross-section of the earlier and best known Marx. Now, skipping over the years to 1934, let us consider the later manner of this composer, as revealed in the cycle *Verklärtes Jahr*. There are five songs in the set, representing various poets. In the first, *Ein Abschied*, we see at once that the composer has not lost his cunning nor altogether forgotten his earlier manner. The song is a long one, and as elaborate as any of its predecessors. As of old the composer has written a cruelly difficult piano part, and, as always, the words are consummately set. There is a variety of mood in the poem, and this is perfectly reflected in the music. But the harmonies are not those of the earlier Marx. He has never stopped growing, and, without losing logic, he writes in a thoroughly modern idiom. Always difficult to read, the final dying measures are practically unbelievable at first sight. *Dezember* is equally imposing, with an ending as fine as any he ever wrote. The set is completed by *Lieder*, *In meiner Träume Heimat*, and *Auf der Campagna*, the first two of which have been recorded by the Friends

of Recorded Music. These songs were composed to be sung with orchestra, but I have not seen or heard the orchestration. It might be necessary in this case to modify what I have said on the subject.

Marx is, and always was, a modern, though he has never been an extremist. This may be due to his unusual grasp of the inner meanings as well as the line of the poetry he sets. He has always been notable for the naturalness of his vocal line, though he loves to indulge in octave skips (as in the *Marienlied*) and in chromatics. His harmonies, in his younger days, were striking if not exactly original, and he has followed the trend of the times in which he lived. His range of expression is not a very wide one, and he can reasonably be charged with sameness in many of his songs. Nevertheless, what he has done he has done invariably well, and no one can deny his craftsmanship. Even the less effective orchestrations are obviously the work of a master musician.

It remains to speak of the recordings. Victor has only the *Marienlied*, and the American list is completed by *Der Rauch*, *Lieder*, and *In meiner Träume Heimat*, sung by Paul Engel for the Friends of Recorded Music. The Austrian branch of His Master's Voice has recently listed four of the songs sung by Maria Hussa with Marx himself at the piano. The selections are *Selige Nacht*, *Hat dich die Liebe berührt* (DA 1519), *Venetianisches Wiegenlied* and *Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht* (DA 1518). The last named has also been done by Hedwig Jungkurth, likewise for HMV (EG 3795). Ursula Van Diemen once did the *Venetianisches Wiegenlied* for Electrola (EG 625) and an acoustic recording of *Hat dich die Liebe berührt* and *Schliesse mir die Augen beide*, by Marcella Roeseler for Polydor, has been out of print for some years.



The Salzburg Festival, 1937

By DAVID EWEN

THE annual Salzburg festival — which I have been attending on and off for almost a decade — usually follows a familiar pattern, varying only slightly from year to year. This year, however, the Salzburg festival differed from the one of the preceding year in several important and striking respects. For one thing, Toscanini was given an additional opera to perform — Mozart's *The Magic Flute*; and an additional Toscanini operatic performance must always be ranked as a musical event of major importance. Second, Felix Weingartner (who was more of a detriment than an asset to last year's festival) has been succeeded by a younger and more efficient conductor, Hans Knappertsbusch. Third, the limelight of this year's festival was focused not only upon the conductors but also upon many striking individual performances among the singers. Finally, the works of Richard Strauss (which have not been featured in the Salzburg repertory for several seasons) have once again been given an important position.

At least half the story of this year's festival is told when the Toscanini performances are discussed. The maestro literally dominated the entire festival. Four different operas (*Fidelio*, *Falstaff*, *Meistersinger*, and *The Magic Flute*) and two orchestral concerts (one of which featured Verdi's *Requiem*) were assigned to his baton; it would be ridiculous to deny that these Toscanini performances were the most unforgettable musical experiences of the festival.

Toscanini's *Fidelio*, *Falstaff*, and *Meistersinger* were no new experiences to me. Hearing them once again this year was to experience once more bafflement at Toscanini's incredible versatility in giving expression to Verdi's singing melodic line, to Wagner's grandiose pageantry of sound, and to the often sensitive architectonic construction of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Nor can one ever cease to marvel at Toscanini's fastidious attention to the most minute detail of the score, and

his supreme genius at seeing an entire opera as an integrated whole in which each segment is an inextricable part of the entire work.

The Magic Flute represented, however, the highest flight of Toscanini's art, the quintessence of his genius. Never before, at least so it seemed to me during the performance, had Toscanini so succeeded in carving each passage into sculptured perfection, in achieving a superfine sensitivity of balance between singers and orchestra, in giving the orchestration an almost diaphanous clarity, and, finally, in voicing a singing lyric line which had German fibre without the loss of grace and refinement. But this, I learned long ago, is the magic of Toscanini's genius: each time he gives us one of his great performances it seems that he has surpassed himself.

The singers, of course, responded to Toscanini's electric direction. The choral singing, for example, was quite unmatched in my experience for precision, clarity and incisiveness. Individual performances ranged from the competent to the sublime — with Lotte Lehmann in *Fidelio* and Alexander Kipnis in *Fidelio* and *The Magic Flute* giving performances of surpassing excellence.

To Hans Knappertsbusch were assigned the performances of the music by Richard Strauss — *Elektra*, *Rosenkavalier*, and an orchestral program that included *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. The *Rosenkavalier* was disappointing — principally, I suspect, because I could not quite resist the temptation of comparing it with a *Rosenkavalier* performance of some years ago at Salzburg conducted by Clemens Krauss, with Richard Mayr as Baron Ochs. This year, the *Rosenkavalier* was intelligently conceived, and achieved several thrilling moments of unforgettable eloquence — as during the exposition of the Marschallin music in the first act. But certain qualities were lacking this year — that contagious zest, subtle irony, and magnificent spontaneity which were the outstanding

qualities of *Rosenkavalier* performances of years ago. For these defects, the Baron Ochs of Fritz Krenn was largely responsible.

Elektra made a much more poignant impression, but only because Rosa Pauly as Elektra gave an interpretation full of intensity and power. I am told by those who should know that Elektra is Rosa Pauly's only role; that in other operas she rarely rises above mediocrity. This may be so; but in any event there can be no question about her magnificence as Strauss' tortured heroine. Both her singing (her voice has a remarkable range, and a rich texture full of character and expressiveness) and her acting were electrifying — so much so that even the conductor was magnetized into giving his best performance of the festival.

The Bruno Walter performances are, by this time, twice-told tales in Salzburg. I have written long before this that I consider Bruno Walter a far greater conductor of opera than of symphony concerts. In the symphony hall, he is too frequently self-conscious, yielding to affectation of style and overemphasis of effect. In the opera house, his interpretations are of unquestionable taste and the intentions of the composer are adhered to with fidelity. Bruno Walter's best operatic performances are undoubtedly those which he features in Salzburg, including Gluck's *Orfeo*, the *Euryanthe* of Weber and Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni* — performances poetically conceived, full of searching beauty.

The orchestral concerts were inaugurated by a varied program — including music by Handel, Ravel, Brahms, and the *Symphony in One Movement* by the young American composer, Samuel Barber—dynamically performed by Arthur Rodzinski. The concert was not without artistic faults — Rodzinski's climaxes were too frequently noisy, while his exposition of the fourth symphony of Brahms lacked character. But there was an exuberance and vitality to the concert which seemed to make a profound impression upon the audience. Incidentally, this concert was probably the first occasion upon which a work by a young American composer was performed at the Salzburg festival.

Following Rodzinski's concert, there came two orchestral programs conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch — one devoted entirely to Beethoven, which provided what seemed to me the most ineffectual conducting heard at

the festival, and a more satisfying (although hardly inspiring) rendition of orchestral music by Richard Strauss. The most important of the orchestral concerts were, unquestionably, the one of Toscanini in which Verdi's *Requiem* was presented, and a performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. Unfortunately, since both of these concerts came at the close of the festival, I was unable to attend them.

Otherwise, the Salzburg festival followed familiar grooves. There were the usual concerts of Mozart serenades, directed by Bernhard Paumgartner, and performed at the Palace of the Archbishop. I have always considered these concerts pretty poor Mozart playing, and this year I did not change my mind. At the Cathedral, masterpieces of choral music — including Brahms' *A German Requiem*, Mozart's *Requiem* and Bach's *Actus Tragicus* — were presented. But these, too, I found unsatisfying. The performances are too hastily and carelessly prepared, and there is a disturbing echo in the Cathedral which makes enjoyment of the music difficult.

I should add, in conclusion, that a lighter note was injected into this year's festival by a repertoire of Viennese operettas — including *The Merry Widow*, *Wiener Blut*, *Zigeunerbaron*, *Das Land des Lächelns*, *Die Csardasfürstin*, etc. — presented by a company of Viennese players at the Stadttheater. The performances I attended boasted of a youthful vivacity and exuberance which only the Viennese seem capable of infusing into their light-opera presentations.

STORY OF THE SONG

Two artists will be introduced and five others are to make return appearances as guest stars during the Tuesday broadcasts of the "Story of the Song" over the WABC-Columbia network during September. The programs are given from 3:30 to 4:00 P.M. EDT.

A new artist is Germaine Bruyere, a French-Canadian who has sung extensively in Canada in opera and concert. She is a comparative newcomer in this country, although she has done some radio work. Miss Bruyere is to appear on the September 7 program in company with Charles Haywood, a baritone last heard on the series July 27 in a recital of Central Asian folk songs.

CORRESPONDENCE

ON REVIEWING

To the American Music Lover:

I wish to compliment you on your comparison of recordings in your recent reviews. This, to my mind, is a very helpful addition to a review, and one that is too often neglected.

I am glad to see that you are going to push for better tone arm alignment. The tone arms are all too short — much too short . . . I find the *American Music Lover* of much interest and help; but the reviews have not been always the safety catch they should be. The faults of the new Lener-played Beethoven Opus 18, No. 4, were rather soft-pedalled. I threw my old away to my regret now. The playing of the third movement of the new Lener reminds me of the Dickens schoolmistress who has her young ladies say "papa, potatoes, prunes, and prisms" before entering a parlor, to set their lips in pretty lines.

Sincerely yours,

A. W. Von LEER

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 12, 1937.

To the Editor of the American Music Lover:

The August issue of your valuable publication was so fine that I feel congratulations are in order. Each article was unusually interesting, in particular your analysis of the early Beethoven Quartets. It could not have been better done. Likewise, I enjoyed reading about the Dallas Gramophone Society. It seems to be intelligently directed and I am sure would be a real inspiration to budding organizations of this nature.

You could not have hit upon a more excellent innovation than a series of interviews with men behind the scenes in music. Your interesting interview with Mr. Altschuler of the Columbia Company brought to light something I did not know — that he stems from the family so closely identified with the old Russian Symphony Orchestra, which, with the People's Symphony Orchestra, was the first to unfold for me the thrilling beauties of symphonic music when I was a mere youngster. Standing out apart from all their programs is the memory of a monster concert conducted by Modeste Altschuler in the old Madison Square Garden, on which occasion that god among violinists, Ysaye, enthralled me with the Bruch *Concerto in G minor*. I recall that Litoff's *Maximilian Robespierre Overture* also was played.

In view of the above, I am beginning to understand just why the last two years have brought about so noticeable a change for the better in the Columbia lists. I felt that it was no mere accident that so many fine chamber music organizations began recording in this city, the French Columbia catalogue was combed for the many interesting items it contained, American music and musicians given recording opportunities and repressings made from

the unique Pathe lists. The guiding hand of a trained musician was clearly apparent.

May I mention that the most talked of records for the past few months among us gramophiles have been the sensational Pathe organ records. I seized the first opportune moment to listen to all twelve and can only say that Mr. Altschuler will raise Columbia's prestige to unprecedented heights were he to arrange for their domestic release. They are in a class by themselves. A further exploration into the Pathe catalogue would find appreciation here.

With best wishes for your continued success, I remain,

Very sincerely,

EDWARD BENSON

New York City, Aug. 16, 1937

SCRIABINE RECORDINGS

To the Editor of the American Music Lover:

As a member of the Scriabin Circle of New York I wish to express my gratitude to "The Friends of Recorded Music" for having recorded the *Fourth Sonata* and *Flammes Sombres* of Scriabin.

It was a courageous act on the part of the Society due to the fact that the great Russian composer is not universally understood. This unfortunate condition is largely attributable to the inability of many performers to interpret the music satisfactorily. You have been very fortunate in having been able to obtain the services of Katherine Ruth Heyman, internationally famous interpreter of Scriabin, as recording artist.

It is my conviction that the expressive, subtle and always convincing readings of Scriabin by Miss Heyman cannot other than cause a considerable increase of interest in this composer who has made a most important contribution to the literature of the piano.

I am hoping that additional recordings will be made in the near future for only in this manner will it be possible for many to have the opportunity of hearing Scriabin interpreted by Miss Heyman.

Sincerely,

S. ANTHONY DARMSTADT.

Astoria, L. I., Aug. 21, 1937

(Continued on Page 195)

INDEX FOR VOLUME 2 OF THE AMERICAN MUSIC LOVER

An index for Volume 2 has been printed and is now ready for distribution. The price of the index, which is uniform in size to the magazine, is 25 cents a copy. (No index for Volume 1 has been printed. Insufficient interest prevented its compilation.)

Record Notes and Reviews

Reviewers in This Issue: PHILIP MILLER, JULIAN MORTON MOSES.

PETER HUGH REED

ORCHESTRAL

BACH: *Prelude and Fugue in F minor* (orchestrated by Lucien Cailliet); played by The Philadelphia Orchestra, direction of Eugene Ormandy. Victor disc, No. 14382, price \$2.00.

SURELY no orchestra in the world is so strongly identified in the public mind with the transcribed works of Bach as the Philadelphia organization. For many years Stokowski has made a specialty of them, and a goodly number of his versions have been recorded. This record, however, marks the debut of Eugene Ormandy as a conductor of this sort of music, and of Lucien Cailliet as a Bach orchestrator.

Personally I do not feel that this disc comes up to the best of the Stokowski Bach series. Cailliet, a member of the orchestra, has not Stokowski's advantage of the organist's point of view, and his work is not so smooth and well integrated as that of the distinguished conductor. Here we are conscious of this instrument or that, rather than of the music which the instruments are playing. The arranger, too, has seen fit to add a brief introduction at the beginning, though he has done no serious violence to the music. The recording is of Philadelphia calibre, which is to say it is of the very best.

This is not one of Bach's best fugues, although the prelude is most effective. For pertinent comment on this fugue, I refer you to Harvey Grace's notes with Schweitzer's Organ Album.

—P. M.

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BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 2 in D major*, Opus 36; played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, direction Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia set 302, four discs, price \$6.00.

BEETHOVEN'S *Second* is an old friend, and Sir Thomas Beecham's performance

of it has long been admired. It is most gratifying to find that re-recording of an old favorite has been accomplished with results that are superior even to a set which has never seemed to grow old in our collection.

In company with the *Fourth* and *Eighth Symphonies*, this one of Beethoven's has long been highly regarded by the writer. There is in these three works something of Beethoven, the man, that particularly appeals, a more personal note than we encounter in his greater symphonies.

It is hard to dismiss the *Second Symphony* as being of only historic interest, as some English critics do. In a study of Beethoven's development, it occupies an interesting niche, but apart from this it offers an aural pleasure evoked by the youthful Beethoven and no one else. The assertion that the symphony was influenced by Haydn and Mozart is not important, for the influence is purely superficial. Admittedly a certain similarity of equipment in Beethoven and his predecessors is apparent here, but the character and temperament of this music are quite as strongly individual as were its creator's.

The genial mood of the work presents one of those paradoxes of the creative mind which is ever hard to fathom. Although he was overwhelmed by depression when he wrote this music, Beethoven hardly conveys that impression here. There is some sadness in the introduction to the first movement, and a note of pathos in the lovely *Larghetto*, but hardly a note of despair.

The opening movement proper is one of unrestrained exuberance. Beecham realizes its irresistible spirit with fine precision and consummate artistry. I would be inclined to say that his reading has grown with the years, for surely he gives more of the music's spirit than he did ten years ago. But part of this feeling is probably engendered by the growth in recording too. It would be interesting to be able to make another experiment along these lines after another decade.

I have pointed out in program notes on this symphony that its second movement is one of Beethoven's purest and most perfect songs for orchestra — a song which might well have been conceived for the intimacy of one of his great string quartets. There is pathos here, rhythmic coquetry and a beautiful poetic flow of languorous grace. The movement proves one of pleasant sentiment, a "ravishing picture of innocent pleasure, which is scarcely shadowed by a few melancholy accents." Listening to this music, it is difficult to believe that the composer was submerged in despairing depths over an unsuccessful love affair and his growing malady. Nature and music were his boon companions when he composed this work — how much his life depended upon them, what consolation they gave to his soul! Beecham realizes the spirit of this movement perfectly.

Cheerfulness and optimism are the moods sustained in the scherzo and the finale. Beecham points the former a little deliberately, but the playing is so beautifully clean that one overlooks this slight fault. The sharp contrasts of brusque forcefulness and care-free gaiety in the finale, which Beecham fully conveys, is a contrast that sounds the individual note and stamps the work with Beethoven's undeniable imprint. A grand set, all in all!

—P. H. R.

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DELIBES: *Sylvia* — Ballet: *Les chasseresses; Cortège de Bacchus*; played by Grand Orchestre Symphonique, direction of Philippe Gaubert. Columbia disc, No. 69009-D, price \$1.50.

IN recent months Columbia has been enriching its ballet department with a number of recordings from the catalogue of its French affiliate. This time it is two portions of the familiar *Sylvia* music, which, as a staple of the repertoire, deserves to be represented in the domestic catalogue. The performance under the reliable Gaubert is a competent one, and the recording, while not up to the minute, will be found satisfactory. Its appeal will depend largely on how much of the *Sylvia* music the buyer wants, for Polydor, HMV and Victor all have more extensive selections. For a sample of the post-Gounod ballet, however, this disc will do very nicely.

—P. M.

GLUCK: *Alceste - Overture*; played by the B.B.C. Orchestra, direction of Sir Adrian Boult. Victor disc, No. 12041, price \$1.50

IT is impossible to write of the music of Gluck without recourse to all of the most obvious and well-worn adjectives. It is noble, grand, dignified, vital, pure, true, majestic. Of all composers he more than deserves the word classic. For his subjects he preferred the themes of ancient Greek mythology, and he succeeded in striking just the right note of eloquent simplicity in translating these dramas into music. Perhaps no one could set the stage better than he with his magnificent overtures.

The prelude to *Alceste* has been criticized for lack of contrast. In it there is no gleam of light to relieve the sense of impending tragedy. And, like the famous overture to *Iphigénie en Aulide*, this introduction leads directly into the first act without pause, as the chorus utters the terrific cry. "Dieux rendez-nous notre roi, notre père." For concert purposes, therefore, it is necessary to contrive a different ending.

This new recording of Sir Adrian Boult and the B. B. C. Orchestra will, of course, invoke comparison with the Decca version by Mengelberg with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. As is to be expected, the recording here is crisper and more convincing, and of a wider range. But as a performance, I do not think that the Mengelberg record has anything to fear from this wholly competent and less exciting reading. There are, to be sure, some loose ends in the orchestral playing near the beginning of the first side, but on the whole, the B. B. C. Orchestra standard is maintained. I like the ending better as managed by Boult; but I miss the impetus which Mengelberg gives to the work. In any case I do not think anyone will go far wrong with either record.

—P. M.

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GRETRY: *Céphale et Procris* — Ballet suite: *Tambourin; Menuet; Menuet No. 2; Gigue* (arr. by Mottl); played by the Brussels Conservatory Orchestra, direction of Désiré Defauw. Columbia disc, No. 69002-D, price \$1.50.

THE world has some real treats in store for it when musicians discover the works of the once popular Gretry which now lie buried in the libraries. The more intelligent of our

singers (the others had best keep away) would find a wealth of delightful and usable material left by this composer, and allowed to remain unheard practically ever since. So far the American concert-goer is nearly as ignorant of Gretry's name as has been the frequenter of the opera house. Our only hope of hearing his music at all has been by the importation of the handful of vocal records in the French catalogues, and of such "Mottled" ballet suites as this one.

Therefore, though Gretry's orchestra has been modernized beyond all recognition, I commend this disc to the attention of all who appreciate genuine and heart-warming melody; for the tunes are here in all their freshness, and such an introduction should induce the hearer to call for more. For those who are not already familiar with *La Rosière Républicaine* (Columbia 17067-D-68D) and the delightful and less elaborate *Danses villageoises* (Pathé X-96133-34) I mention them as a worthy follow-up.

The lyric tragedy *Céphale et Procris*, with its libretto by Marmontel, was produced at Versailles in 1773, without much success. In spite of the presence of Sophie Arnold in the principal part, and of Francoeur in the conductor's chair, Gretry tells us that his failure was due to the inability of the singers, used to the recitative style of the day, to keep together with the orchestra in his measured melodies. One wonders how this work would fare with the singers of today.

This recording, considered unusually sonorous and brilliant when first imported several years ago, still stands up well, as do so many of the French Columbias of its period.

—P. M.

* * * *

GRIEG: *Norwegian Bridal Procession* (from *Pictures of Folk Life*, Op. 19, No. 2); and HALVORSEN: *March of the Bojaren*; played by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, direction of Robert Hood Bowers. Columbia disc, No. 7345-M, price \$1.25.

ANOTHER restoration, this time bringing back to the Columbia lists two popular pieces for which there must still be a demand. There have been no recent recordings of either of these pieces, so I imagine the disc will fill a definite need. For seekers after the selections, it would seem the logical choice.

The Columbia Symphony Orchestra is not a large group, though well under the control of Mr. Bowers, and the effect of the recording is an impression of volume rather than sonority.

—P. M.

* * * *

SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 6 in D minor*, Opus 104; played by Finnish National Orchestra, direction Georg Schneevoigt. In Victor set M-344, with *String Quartet in D minor*, 7 discs in all, price \$14.00.

SIBELIUS' *Sixth Symphony* is not as well known as it should be, and the number of performances accorded it in the concert hall has been relatively small. It is closely akin in spirit to the famous *Fourth Symphony*, and suggests, as that work does, that its inspiration was drawn from nature and a deep feeling for its primeval wonders. The work, although no less admirable, is more serene and less contrasted than the *Fourth Symphony*. It is a more intimate work than the *Fifth Symphony*, and a more intensely personal one than any of the composer's, except his *Fourth*, and perhaps his *Seventh*, which has been termed a summing up or rounding out of the emotional and intellectual qualities of his later symphonies.

Gray points out that this music makes him think of Palestrina, a composer whom Sibelius is said to admire greatly. Except in the opening pages, however, the spirit of Palestrina seems quite remote, to my way of thinking. This music cannot be associated with any one but the man who wrote it, and any allusions to other composers therefore seem quite out of place. The assertion (in the booklet included with the set) that the first movement "has a passage that could quite logically have been written by a Wagner or a Debussy" and the further statement that the harmonies are like Debussy's could be dismissed as absurd if it were not that so many people will give them complete credence.

Sibelius in his later symphonies seems so remote from every composer that has gone before that any allusions to others retards rather than advances our appreciation and understanding of his style. Gray points out that the "forest music" in the latter half of the second movement is the only passage in all the music of Sibelius which recalls Wagner, and that the resemblance, at best, is purely superficial. Wagner's forest music, he rightly contends, is "essentially anthropo-

morphic nature music," while that of Sibelius is purely Nature music, "with no resemblance to the music of man, and conveying no message save that of their living loveliness." (It is a great pity that Gray's excellent notes were not included with the re-issuance of this Sibelius Society Set in this country.)

The degree of concentration found in this work is amazing; if one follows the score, which incidentally has just been issued in a pocket edition, one is immediately made aware of it. The process of organic evolution in the development of the music is tremendously interesting. And the instrumentation is most colorful and effective without at any time accentuating tonal nuance. Orchestral color with Sibelius is a truly integral part of the music, and never an added feature. As Constant Lambert has said, "he has concentrated on the integration of form and not wasted his energies on the disintegration of color."

As one listens to this music, the world of nature is borne to mind. Outside of the second half of the second movement, however, which is obviously forest music, the mood is almost entirely abstract. The mystic, infinite reaches of a primeval world are conveyed, vistas of meadows, mountains, lakes, trees, and rocks. Sibelius has lived close to the primeval forces and beauties of his native Finland for many years, and they have been his greatest source of inspiration.

The work, divided into four movements, has, like so many of Sibelius' compositions, no slow movement; as a matter of fact the second movement (which assumes the place of a slow section here since the third is in the spirit of a scherzo) increases rather than slackens the pace of the opening movement. The last movement changes in mood toward the end; Gray points out that "the work ends with what seems to be an entirely fresh line of thought, bearing no relation to what has gone on before." This unexpected ending, he feels, however, is satisfying, and he compares it to "a quiet serene evening after a boisterous day." "The writing for the strings in these final pages," he says further, "is of a loveliness rare even in Sibelius, who excels in such moments."

It remains to speak of the performance and the recording. Schneevoigt is said to conform with the composer's ideas in his interpretation of this work, and was chosen by

the composer to carry on the work of the late Robert Kajanus. The Finnish National Orchestra proves to be a well coordinated organization here, and its performance under Schneevoigt is entirely satisfactory. The same may be said of the recording.

—P. H. R.

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WEBER: *Der Freischütz Overture*; played by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, direction Arthur Fiedler. Victor disc No. 12040, price \$1.50.

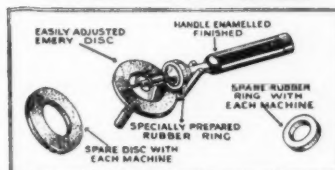
ANOTHER recording of the *Freischütz Overture* proves in this case to be just another recording, for it does not displace or supercede the recent issues of Furtwängler and Beecham recordings. Fiedler does not succeed in giving anything more than a routine performance of this music. One has a feeling of the old warhorse being whipped into action, and driven with vim and vigor, albeit with assurance. The solemn chorale which opens the overture seems less symbolical of faith and prayer, and the celebrated melody identified with Max's redeemer, Agathe, is made to seem trite. After Furtwängler's evocative opening, this seems to



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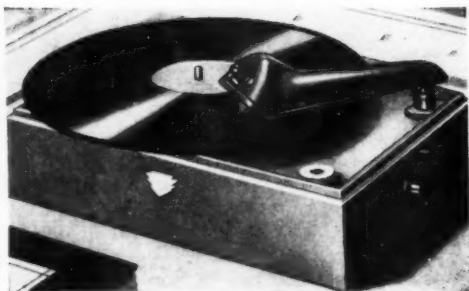
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SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 6 in D minor, Opus 104.* Played by Finnish National Orchestra, conducted by Georg Schneevoigt.

Victor Album M-344, price \$14.00

This is the third Sibelius Society Set, which we take pride in offering to the many friends of Victor records at this time. Sibelius, regarded by many, as the most salient symphonist since Beethoven, has written no music more personal nor original than his *Sixth Symphony*, and this, his only published string quartet.

MOZART: *String Quintet in D major, K. 593.* Played by Pro Arte Quartet with A. Hobday, second viola. Victor Album M-350, price \$6.50.

Like Mozart's famous *String Quintet in C major* (Victor set M-270), this one in *D major* is dramatic in thought and content and full and rich in its string sonorities.

SIBELIUS: *String Quartet in D minor, ("Voce Intimae"), Opus 56.* Played by Budapest String Quartet.

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fall short. One does not feel that Fiedler has the admiration or the respect for this music that Beecham impressed us with last month. The nuances and precision attained by the noted English conductor makes his recording, in our estimation, the most cherishable one to date.

As a recording, this disc is outstanding, however, and in many ways is more brilliant than either of the other two referred to. At the same time the pianissimos here are not as fine as in the other versions. Like Beecham, Fiedler takes two record sides rather than three, as Furtwängler does. In the case of the English conductor this contraction, however, had little of the hurried feeling we encounter here.

—P. H. R.

CHAMBER MUSIC

HANDEL: *Sonata No. 4, in D major, Op. 1, No. 13*; played by Joseph Szigeti, violin, with piano accompaniment by Nikita Magaloff. Two Columbia discs, ten-inch, Nos. 17098D-17099D, price \$2.00.

ONE of the hidden gems of the Columbia catalogue has for long been Georges Enesco's recording of the Handel *Violin Sonata, Op. 1, No. 13* (or, as it is labeled, *Sonata, No. 4, in D major*). Now, for some reason, Szigeti has done for us the same work and Columbia brings the new recording forward for our approval, but not, we hope, to supplant our old favorite.

One thing is beyond question — as a recording the Szigeti version is smoother and fuller, though there is nothing to be ashamed of in the reproduction of the older set. Nevertheless, I find myself still preferring Enesco, in spite of an abiding admiration for Szigeti. Strangely, it is partly Enesco's tone that I like better. It seems somehow rounder and more resonant, and I am less conscious of the open strings in his playing. Furthermore, his tempi seem better taken. The second movement may be more brilliant and showy as given by Szigeti, but I am not sure that this makes for better Handel playing. Enesco's *Larghetto* is more sustained, and he puts more spirit into the final *Allegro con brio*. To one listener, at least, the mechanical improvement is not enough to warrant the replacement.

—P. M.

HANDEL: *Violin Sonata in F major, Opus 1, No. 12*; played by Stefan Frenkel, violin; Sterling Hunkins, cello; Ernst Victor Wolf, harpsichord. Musicraft discs, Nos. 1030-31, price, \$3.00.

IN the year 1732, Handel turned his attention to the writing of a series of sonatas for violin, flute or oboe with figured bass. There are fifteen of these compositions listed as Opus 1. A number of these works have been recorded, most of them played by violin with keyboard accompaniment. No. 5 in *G major*, issued by the National Gramophonic Society, is played, however, by flute with piano accompaniment, and No. 11 in *F major*, issued by English Columbia, is played by a treble recorder (a kind of flute) with harpsichord and viola da gamba (the Dolmetsches). This latter is probably the most authentic recording of any, despite the assertion of the sponsors of the present recording that this is the first recording of any of the sonatas "performed in the authentic manner." The employment here of harpsichord, realizing the figured bass, and cello to reinforce it, is nevertheless authoritative.

This sonata is less imposing than the one in *D major*, No. 13, which Enesco and Szigeti have both recorded. It is divided into four movements, an *Adagio*, an *Allegro*, a *Largo* and an *Allegro* in the form of a *Gigue*. Of the four movements, the *Largo* is to our way of thinking the most interesting.

The music of the first movement seems rather plodding, and the pedestrian manner in which Frenkel plays it does not help to obviate this impression. Frenkel lacks variety of nuance, and this the music needs to make it truly enjoyable. In the quicker movements Frenkel's tone is often aggressive and not too smooth. But his musicianship, as that of his partners, is sound.

The recording here is well realized, but we believe the violin could have been held down to the advantage of the tonal ensemble.

—P. H. R.

HINDEMITH: *Sonata, Op. 25, No. 3, for Unaccompanied Cello*; played by Emanuel Feuermann. Columbia disc, No. 69001-D, price \$1.50.

ON the occasion of Paul Hindemith's first visit to this country last Spring, Columbia gave domestic release to a recording of his own playing of the solo viola *Sonata*.

Op. 25, No. 1. Now we are given another work from the same opus, and cut of very much the same cloth, though this time the instrument is the cello, and the artist the composer's friend and associate, Emanuel Feuermann.

The *Cello Sonata* is a shorter work than that for viola, and occupies only two twelve-inch sides, as opposed to the five tens of the other. Furthermore, it is easier going for the listener who is unaccustomed to unaccompanied stringed instruments, because of the greater degree of action in its brief duration, as well as the deeper tone of the cello. Like the *Viola Sonata*, this may be described as philosophical music, though we can, of course, only conjecture the composer's meaning. Once more we have music of force and power, music of meditation and struggle, but there is less of resignation here than in the other *Sonata*. The first movement is a passionate, almost delirious striving upwards, in which the cello fairly shrieks in its high register. The second brings cold comfort in the form of a rather heavy dance movement. The third is a quiet but restless meditation. There is more of hope in the fourth movement, but

this, too, sinks to despair. The conclusions reached in the last movement had best be left to the individual listener. But whatever we may read into it, we cannot escape the firm conviction of Hindemith's writing and the masterly playing of Feuermann. The cellist obviously understands the music thoroughly, and plays it with great fire and assurance. The recording is strikingly full and lifelike.

—P. M.

MOZART: *Quartet in D minor*, K. 421; played by the Perole String Quartet. Musi-craft set No. 4, three discs, price \$5.00.

THIS is one of Mozart's greatest string quartets, one which contains great profundity of thought and emotion. Of the six quartets which Mozart dedicated to Haydn, this, the second, is generally considered to be the most perfect formally.

As Philip Miller, who wrote the notes for the set, says, "from the announcement of the opening *allegro* theme not a note is wasted." Mozart expresses himself with rare meaning.



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each phrase is expressive, and none of the material stretched. The contrasts of this first movement must have been considered daring in his time, and even today the development section is striking in its dramatic import. For those who do not know this work, there will be many surprises in store.

The *D minor Quartet* has been recorded in its entirety twice before — by the Flonzaleys and the Leners. Both of these versions date back more than a half dozen years, which is a long time in the development of recording in the past decade, so a re-recording of the quartet at this time is needed and welcome.

A single hearing (the records arrived too late for a repetition) of the Perole performance of this work sustains our earlier admiration for their musicianship. They play here with considerable feeling and with thoughtful regard to the shaping of the music, although they could have advantageously attained a wider range of dynamics. That they lack the polish and the rare ensemble of the Flonzaleys, few will deny, but that they lack the suavity of the Leners, few will ever decry. Most of the repeats, not observed in the Flonzaley recording, are played here as in the Lener set; hence the extra disc in the recording.

The recording here, although well balanced and richly sonorous, would have gained in our estimation with some "room resonance" behind it. The surfaces are unusually smooth, allowing the use of steel.

—P. H. R.

MOZART: *Quintet in D major*, K. 593; played by the Pro Arte Quartet with A. Hobday, second viola. Victor set M-350, three discs, price \$6.50.

DURING his last four years, Mozart wrote his four great string quintets: the *C major* and *G minor* in 1787 after his father's death, and the *D major* and the *E flat* in the twelve months before his own death. The two that came in 1787 contrast with each other in much the same manner as do the last two; for the *C major* and the *D major* are dramatically vigorous while the *G minor* and the *E flat* strike a more passionate note.

In the last month of a sinister year (December, 1790), says Henri Ghéon, Mozart

produced the thrilling counterpoint of the *D major Quintet*, "a play-fellow of *Così fan tutte*, and a forerunner of the supreme *Quintet in E flat*. Both without human pretense, the first still has some touches of shade, and that tint of irony that hides so poorly the remnants of passion."

The opening movement of the *D major*, Ghéon contends, after its elegiac slow introduction, seems to laugh at passion in its violent, broken rhythm. "With its abrupt changes, the music is almost recriminating." There is a Beethovenian character to this first movement, particularly in its inner or development section; and an interesting departure from conventional form near the close of the movement, when the composer returns for a moment to his opening *largo*.

The *adagio*, which follows, carries on the mood of the introduction of the first movement. The richness of the writing here is manifested harmonically rather than contrapuntally.

The mood of the music is almost completely reversed in the lovely minuet, and also in the finale, both of which are contrapuntally devised. Ghéon aptly points out here that "even in the simplest theme there is such decision and sureness of touch in Mozart. It seems as if in his maturity all the assurance of the perfect knowledge of his art was joined to a newly found youth." The point is so well taken that it needs no augmentation, only a re-reading or two to drive home its veracity after a few hearings of the music.

The Pro Artes and Mr. Hobday do full justice to this music. Their performance is planned and achieved along virtuoso lines (in the highest sense of the term), with a fine realization of the sentient depths, the *innerlich* qualities of the music, which we did not mark in their earlier performances of the *C major* or the *G minor Quintets*. The recording is in every way splendid.

—P. H. R.

SIBELIUS: *Quartet in D minor* ("Voices Intimate") Opus 56; played by the Budapest String Quartet. In Victor set M-344 with *Sixth Symphony*, 7 discs in all, price \$14.00.

SIBELIUS' string quartet, "*Intimate Voices*," reveals his extraordinary creative gifts in

a striking and forceful manner. It is a work of marked individuality, well co-ordinated despite the differences in the five movements, and the fact that it is not cast in the traditional quartet form.

Eric Blom, the English critic, finds the emotional content of the work in its "very logical but independent form" has much in common with that of Beethoven's last quartets. Although this is true in a marked degree, I find Sibelius less aspiring and less concerned with anguish, and the protest against it, than Beethoven.

As in his symphonies, Sibelius attains an imposing degree of concentration in this composition, and builds the whole through the most logical organic development of simple and concise thematic material. The independence of the part-writing and the remarkable degree of their co-ordination will be best appreciated when visualized, so we recommend to those who enjoy following music the purchase of the score. (It is published by Eulenburg, and may be had at a reasonable price.)

Cecil Gray, who has written extensively and illuminatingly about Sibelius and his music, and who contributed original analytical notes for this album, the third of the Sibelius Society Sets, when it was released in England, finds this work a pyramidal one, "with the slow movement as its apex or summit." He says "it may be visualized as a picture with a central figure and two others on each side — like a Bellini Madonna with a bambino and saint on either hand. The *adagio*, at any rate, constitutes the *clou* of the entire work, which is built around it." He points out further that in the "length, predominance and importance of the slow movement, the quartet is exceptional in the music of Sibelius." And he further says that it is undoubtedly to the slow movement that the quartet owes its title "*Voces Intimae*". Why Gray's notes were not included with the Victor issue of these works, instead of the ones given, we cannot understand.

Unlike Smetana's *Aus meinem Leben* String Quartet, this one by Sibelius has no self-revelatory or introspective aspects, and must be considered therefore as an entirely abstract composition with a title as abstruse and unprogrammatic as Beethoven's allusion to the opening theme of his *Fifth Symphony*.

While Gray confines the title to the slow movement, the opening *Andante* also implies

it and the subsequent *Allegro molto moderato* continues in its development of the themes first stated in the *Andante* to convey the impression of "intimate voices". Again and again, an inner voice or line assumes this quality.

The second movement, which follows without interruption, is characterized by Sibelius' original handling of strings, and his ability to create delicate and resourceful effects. Gray points out that the lovely slow movement "is based upon one subject only and consists almost exclusively in its repetition, discussion and development." This theme is fourteen bars in length, and occupies the first inch of recording space of the movement.

The fourth movement has the characteristics of the classical scherzo, and is distinguished by some daring part-writing.

The finale, says Eric Blom, "is perhaps the most deeply personal and representative movement of the whole quartet, and the one that reveals the nationality of Sibelius most unmistakably. It is as much a Finnish epic as any of his symphonic poems based on incidents of the *Kalevala*."

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The Budapest String Quartet play this work with style and finish. Their realization of the multiple beauties of the slow movement is particularly noteworthy. And the recording, in my estimation, is completely satisfying.

—P. H. R.

KEYBOARD

BACH: *French Suite No. 6, in E major*; played by Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. Victor disc, No. 14384, price \$2.00.

THOUGH the sixth *French Suite* appears in the Columbia catalogue in a piano recording, this disc marks its first representation on the harpsichord lists. I do not believe there can be much doubt that the music is better suited to this medium, and infinitely better played here. For the economically-minded this disc has an additional attraction, in that by omitting the repeats, Mme. Landowska has reduced the work to two sides, as opposed to the four of the earlier version.

There are some who feel that Landowska's instrument, combining as it does all the best features of all the harpsichords ever made, is too modern and brilliant to preserve the feeling of the old-time music which she interprets. One fact remains, however, to overrule all objections — that her magnificent sense of rhythm and seemingly infinite technique set her aside from all her younger rivals, most of whom, incidentally, have at one time or another studied with her.

This little suite does not, of course, represent the greater Bach, but it is none the less charming and welcome music. The brilliance of the Landowska harpsichord has been rather emphasized in this recording, almost, perhaps, to the point of hardness, but the playing is impeccable and unmistakably Landowska. Harpsichord collectors cannot afford to miss this release, and others will find it quite delightful.

—P. M.

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BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in C sharp minor* ("Moonlight"), Opus 27, No. 2; played by Ignace Jan Paderewski. Victor set M-349, two discs, price \$4.50.

VICTOR this month has begun a series of two-pocket albums and heads the list

with Paderewski's recently recorded performance of Beethoven's celebrated *C sharp minor Piano Sonata*, which was made at the same time as the sound film "*The Moonlight Sonata*," which stars Paderewski and features this music.

Paderewski's performance here is conceived along different lines than Petri's, which we reviewed last month. For example, the opening movement is treated almost as a dirge. Paderewski stresses its sentiment through his usual tonal nuances, his slow pace, and his use of rubati — the last of which was avoided, to the advantage of the music in our estimation, by Petri. The second movement is quite a let-down after Petri's, and the finale has little of the tempest and thrill of the Dutch pianist's performance. Paderewski is always creating drama, or should I say reading it into the music. It is impossible for me to accept Beethoven as the kind of romantic which the Polish pianist makes him here.

If one likes added romantic glow and warmth in music of this type, they are here in abundance. While some listeners may find these qualities surfeiting, others may be carried away by them.

Since the recording has caught the tonal glow of Paderewski's playing, these discs may be said to be most faithful to his artistry — which is both distinctive and highly individualized.

The inclusion of the pianist's *Minuet in G* is a fitting gesture at this time. It shows us the romantic trend of Paderewski's art, and also proves that none has exceeded him in its interpretation.

—P. H. R.

* * * * *

LISZT: *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*; played by Louis Kentner, piano. Columbia disc. No. 69004-D, price \$1.50.

THE *Second Hungarian Rhapsody* is so familiar in the orchestration of Karl Muller-Berghaus that it is rather surprising to realize that it has been recorded at least eleven times in its original piano solo form. This latest version, then, is by no means a novelty, save in that it introduces the name of Louis Kentner to the Columbia label and to the domestic record trade.

Personally, though I generally prefer my music in the composer's own idiom, I cannot claim to be outraged by the dressing up that this piece has been given by its arranger. The music of Liszt (the Liszt of the *Rhapsodies hongroises*) is designed for brilliance and show, and the heaping on of more of the same made possible by the modern orchestra (which, must, indeed, acknowledge its debt to this composer) is surely in keeping with his spirit and intentions.

In going back to the *Rhapsody* in its original form the three things we expect of the pianist are brilliance, brilliance and more brilliance. Therefore Mr. Kentner's playing, though clean and technically competent, comes as something of a disappointment. Its shortcomings, I feel sure, are the result of misconception rather than lack of ability, but his performance fails to carry me with it. Because of the rambling and disjointed form of this music, to linger over details, as this artist does, is fatal to the general effect. What we want is drive, and he gives us fin- ish. The recording is expensive enough.

—P. M.

MOZART: *Piano Sonata in B flat major*, K. 570; played by Walter Giese- king. Columbia set X-79, two discs. price \$3.00.

ALTHOUGH this is one of the last piano sonatas that Mozart wrote, it does not follow that it is one of his best. It was written during the last two months of 1788 when "his inspiration had run dry." Despite the fact that the work has melodic charm and volubility, and is neatly and precisely (some- what too precisely to our way of thinking) made, it lacks true inspiration. It was prob- ably destined for some pupil. This is borne out by the fact that it was not published un- til after Mozart's death.

The violin part which appeared with the sonata in its initial publication was not the work of the composer, so there is more justi- fication for playing it as a solo sonata than as a duo.

Walter Giese- king makes this music seem better than it is. The subtlety of nuance which he obtains and his singing tone contribute much to the work. Mindful of the character of the piano in Mozart's day, Giese- king does not magnify the music's sonorities or its dy- namic gradations. One is reminded as he

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listens to this recording, which incidentally is clear and lifelike, that Giesecking is a real Mozart player. Mozart's melodies sing, and this the pianist realizes from the very opening bars.

The slow movement (sides 2 and 3 in the recording) seem over-long, and even Giesecking's sensitivity of touch does not relieve a feeling of stolidity. Yet, the quality of singing tone obtained by the pianist here may well prove, as one writer has noted, a valuable lesson. The gaiety of the finale is delightful, and under Giesecking's touch is irresistably attested.

—P. H. R.

GUITAR

TARREGA: *Preludio No. 5, in E major; Danza mora*; and SIRERA: *Jerezana; L'hereu; Zapateado*; played by Julio Martinez Oyanguren. Columbia disc. No. 69003-D, price \$1.50.

EVER since Andres Segovia astonished the musical world by showing what could be done by the application of real musicianship to the playing of the guitar, he has reigned practically undisputed as the great master of his instrument. Now he has a rival, and, if we are to judge by the recordings, one who is likely to give him a run for his money. For Julio Martinez Oyanguren has a style of his own — rather more full-blooded and less precious than that of Segovia — and he appears to be a real student of the literature of his instrument. He has already given us recorded samples of important old masters of the guitar, and we are assured that he has more in store for us. Meanwhile he turns his attention to two Spaniards of later times.

Francisco Tarrega Eixea (1854-1909) is the better known of the two, and will be remembered for his *Tremolo Study*, recorded by Segovia. There is less of recognizably Spanish atmosphere in his little *Prelude in E major* than one might expect. In spots it has rather a German flavor. The *Danza mora*, on the other hand, could be nothing but what it is, and includes a verbatim quotation from the very much later popular song, *La Violeta*. The three pieces of Jose Sirera Prat (b. 1884) are, to my mind, more interesting, especially the second, called *L'hereu*. For here Oyanguren makes fascinating use of *portamento* and demonstrates an uncommon ability to round a phrase. And he gets an indescribably lovely effect with a ringing high

note. The *Jerezana* and *Zapateado* are more typical but not without individuality. The recording is a real achievement.

—P. M.

DRAMA

SHAKESPEARE: *Scenes from King Richard II; Act III, Scene 2—The Coast of Wales; Act III, Scene 3 — Before Flint Castle; Act IV, Scene 1 — Westminster Hall; Act V, Scene 5 — Pomfret Castle*; played by Maurice Evans and Company, assisted by Abraham Sofaer. Columbia set 303, price \$10.00.

AS a sort of memorial to the past theatrical season in New York, which was particularly rich in Shakespeare, Columbia makes with this album a new and bold departure from the usual recorded fare. Now for the first time in the history of the phonograph a major Shakespearean actor is given an opportunity to present several large portions of his most successful role. There is no need to praise Maurice Evans, who has been hailed as one of the greatest actors of our time. That he was able to pack his house during an extended run with a play no better known than *King Richard II* is in itself ample proof of his stature. Soon, I understand, he will be playing it again on Broadway before taking his company on a transcontinental tour.

It would be possible to go into a lengthy study of the fundamental relationship between musical speech and song, and to show that the latter grows naturally out of the former, and that in this growth lies the germ of all music, vocal and instrumental. The basic element of music is rhythm, and the same is true of speech. In the diction of Maurice Evans we find the truth of this. Perhaps his secret is summed up by a conversation overheard after a performance of *Richard II* and reported as an anecdote in *The New Yorker*: a young lady sighed that he was marvellous — he had taken all of the poetry out of Shakespeare. Surely, as he speaks, we are not conscious of poetry as such, but only of the tragic figure of the King.

The four scenes here presented embrace the high spots of the last three acts of the play. We are not permitted to know Richard in his happy days, but only as the King returning home to be deposed, and later as the fallen monarch. The admirable and carefully

planned booklet compiled by Ronald Wise to accompany the set gives the recorded text in full, as well as a summary of the story, so that there can certainly be no need of going into that here. Enough of the drama is recorded to give us the nobility of the character as conceived by Evans, who is ably assisted by Abraham Sofaer and the supporting company.

The amazingly vivid and vital recording will come as a surprise after the usual run of speaking discs. This is due, we are told, in part at least to a new device known as the mechanical monitor. This makes it possible to expand or contract the record grooves according to the volume of the sound being recorded, thus giving a wide range of dynamics without the danger of overloading. However this may be, the only word for the set is *magnificent*. Because of its multiple educational values — as diction, as drama, as a lesser-known work of Shakespeare — it will undoubtedly be used extensively in schools, which makes us envy the privileges of the younger generation.

—P. M.

VOCAL

BACH: *Mass in B minor* — *Benedictus*; sung by Georges Thill, tenor, with violin obbligato by Henry Merckel, and orchestra. Columbia disc, ten-inch, No. 4162-M, price \$1.00.

IT has lately been the custom among the pickers of flaws to decry the solo parts of Bach's gigantic *Mass in B minor* as unworthy to stand beside the magnificent choruses; and the *Benedictus* comes in for perhaps the strongest dose of criticism because, the music having done previous duty with a German text, Bach never quite succeeded in making it a perfect match for the Latin. Though there is some foundation for the latter charge, I find it difficult to sympathize with the former. The solos, it seems to me, are the plateaus among the mountain peaks — the very necessary periods of relaxation which make it possible to endure to the end of the work. Furthermore, taken by themselves they are first-rate music, a fact obscured only by the shortcomings of the usual performance of them.

This little disc throws a new light upon the art of Georges Thill, but it will hardly

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surprise those who know his superb singing of Gluck to find him equally at home in Bach. There are Italians, no doubt, with more voluptuous voices than his, but if the tenor lives who can surpass him in musicianship and good taste, he must be living in seclusion. In the mouth of this artist the rather clumsily set words assume a naturalness and ease which would seem completely to justify Bach's adaptation.

But perfection is not of this world, and there is one rather serious fault to be found with this record: namely the obbligato played by Henry Merckel. This noted violinist is here quite out of his element, playing with a lush and sentimental tone in the Mischa Elman tradition, and an attendant lack of rhythmic poise. All of which is quite out of keeping with the straightforward singing of M. Thill.

Making a direct comparison with the *Benedictus* in Victor's complete *B minor Mass*, I find myself in sympathy with the less leisurely tempo of the older recording. To say the least, however, Thill is in every way the equal of the excellent Mr. Widdop, and the recording has all the difference between 1929 and 1937.

—P. M.

* * * * *

STEPHEN FOSTER ALBUM: *Old Folks at Home, Beautiful Dreamer, My Old Kentucky Home, Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming, Oh Susanna, Old Black Joe, I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair, Massa's in de Cold Ground, Ah! May the Red Rose Live Always, and De Campdown Races*; sung by Richard Crooks and The Balladeers. Victor set M-354, five 10-inch discs, price \$7.50.

VICTOR points out that this album of Foster's songs, sung by one of America's foremost tenors, is offered almost simultaneously with the establishment of the Stephen Foster Memorial at the University of Pittsburgh. It is a fitting contribution to one of the most popular and beloved composers of all times. Stephen Foster is an American legend. His music sprang from the people and to the people it truly belongs. When we hear his songs referred to as American folk songs, we realize how truthfully his music conveys the sentiment of our people.

It has been stated that the covered wagons rolled to the Far West to the strains of *Oh Susanna*, and that the cotton ships were load-

ed in the South to its lilt. *Oh Susanna* was not the only song, however, that Foster wrote which was so widely sung. The *Old Folks at Home* was and is still his most universally known and liked. It has been translated into almost every language, and is regarded in most foreign countries as an American folk song.

Edwin Christy and his famous Minstrels made many of Foster's songs popular. The first edition of *Old Folks at Home* was even attributed to Christy, for he paid the composer to permit Christy to be regarded as its composer. It is interesting to know that when the Christy Minstrels "appeared by command of Queen Victoria at Balmoral Castle during their visit to England," Foster's *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming* was the most popular song on the program.

A choice of Foster's songs for a collection and likewise a choice of the singer to render them will always invoke some criticism. The enormous popularity of his many songs and their various characteristics allow for differences of opinion. It is my belief that no one in this country could have been chosen to sing them with greater beauty of tone and clearer diction than Richard Crooks. But beauty of tone and clarity of diction are not the only requisites of all these songs. Whereas Crooks sings such ballads as *Beautiful Dreamer* and *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming* in an effective and appropriate manner, his rendition of such songs as *Old Black Joe* and *Old Folks at Home* leaves something to be desired, for he conveys little of their nostalgia. And his rendition of *Massa's in de Cold Ground* misses fire entirely. This is not a song just to be sung; it has beneath the surface of its singable melodic line an implication of a people's grief, sincerely felt and deeply expressed racial melancholy, which cannot be simulated but must be felt to be appreciated. It is obvious that Crooks never attended a Negro Camp Meeting, or if he did that he missed its spirit entirely. *I Dreamed of Jeannie* is also finely sung, but here again Crooks does not make us believe that he does "dream of Jeannie."

We have been given to understand that the songs have been presented in the manner in which they were sung in Foster's day. I am not certain but I believe that those sung with male quartet follow the manner in which they were rendered by Christy and his associates in the days of his Minstrels. The inclu-

sion of the banjo, often referred to in the text, is quite in the spirit of the music and is therefore most effective.

That Crooks owns one of the outstanding tenor voices of our day and that he sings naturally and unaffectedly, few will deny. It is his fine singing, however, that remains in mind after listening to these records rather than the essential characteristics of the various songs.

For those who are interested in Foster bibliography and occasional participation in the singing of his songs, we recommend Harcourt, Brace and Company's *The Songs of Stephen Foster*. There are seventy songs in this collection, each with an interesting introduction regarding its creation. I believe that most people will derive double pleasure from these songs through this book.

It seems superfluous to say that the recording here is good. However, I am inclined to be critical of the balance between the voice and piano upon occasion, since the singer is unduly prominent at times.

—P. H. R.

* * * * *

GIORDANO: *Andrea Chenier*, *La mamma morta*; and PUCCINI: *Tosca*, *Vissi d'arte*; sung by Rosa Raisa, soprano, with La Scala Orchestra. Victor disc No. 14400, price \$2.00.

WHEN Raisa is one hundred years old, her singing of *Vissi d'Arte* will be awaited with more expectation than will the Jepsons' of that day. For hers is an art so steeped in operatic history and tradition that it would be difficult to mention another singer of her young years (she is still in her forties) whose name conjures up as many important debuts and composers and conductors and musicians. It can readily be understood, therefore, with what trepidation the reviewer placed his needle (metal, of course) into the first groove of *Tosca's* plaint. Nor can it be hard to realize the joy that was felt as this magnificent performance continued to the climax of the two sustained high tones (the touchstone of the piece) and the fact was brought home that a voice that once had no superior in the whole realm of dramatic soprano may not be its former self but is still at the command of a musical intelligence that as yet has no superior.

This was even more the case on the reverse side in *Madeleine's* somewhat similar plea.

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All shops listed in the Record Buyers' Guide are fully endorsed by *The American Music Lover* and are equipped to take excellent care of your record requirements.

The use of covered tone, of alternate dynamic shadings, of so much of a nearly extinct art, served to remind that, in spite of the lack of control of occasional notes (the inevitable tribute of years), a lesson well learned and well comprehended lasts fully a lifetime. The recording is fine, likewise the orchestra.

—J. M. M.

(Mr. Moses continues his discussion of Rosa Raisa in the Record Collector's Corner, where he compares her works with that of another great artist, Rosa Ponselle. — Ed.)

* * * * *

PUCCINI: *La Boheme*, *Che Gelida Manina*; and VERDI: *Aida*, *Celeste Aida*, sung by Jussi Björling, tenor, with orchestra. Victor disc No. 12039, price \$1.50.

WITH this record Victor resumes its unquestioned place as anticipater of the

American operatic scene. Time was when the stars of tomorrow could be met on the release bulletins of the current month. But the vicissitudes of both record and opera business resulted in slavish following of the supposed trends in radio popularity with the result that one could hear in the Diamond Horseshoe or in his home few but a group of crooners, usually domestic, whose claim to pulchritude was as genuine as their claim to artistry was not.

Surely, this Björling fellow is the "find" of the decade. He is youthful, musicianly, intelligent, and he actually *sings*. Unlike most of the male contingent of the Metropolitan, particularly the reigning American tenors and baritones, his tone has a genuine vibrato (as yet, even a tremolo in spots) and the voice mounts higher and higher into the head, not further and further back in the throat.

Not at present do his upper tones have the fullness of a Caruso in the *Aida* selection (though he does achieve some of the remarkable portamenti of his unmatched predecessor). Neither can he claim the brilliance or suavity of Martinelli in the narrative from *La Bohème*. But he does sing with polish and firm placement as well as clarity of diction and sincerity of style. The slight nervousness which forces him to rush the high C in *Che Gelida Manina* (the ultimate B flat is taken better on the reverse side) will undoubtedly be overcome. At any rate, this record alone will make you watch his progress from now on. The recording is good though occasionally over-amplified. The orchestral accompaniments are not so good. The record is enthusiastically recommended.

—J. M. M.

* * *

HONEGGER: *Judith: Cantique junèbre; Invocation, Fanfare et Incantation; Retour de Judith; Cantique de la bataille; Cantique de victoire*; sung by the Coecilia Chorus of Antwerp; soloists, Mme. Claire Croiza, mezzo-soprano, and Mlle. Van Hertbruggen, soprano, direction of Louis de Vocht. Columbia set X-78, two discs, price \$3.00.

COLUMBIA continues its recent policy of resurrecting outstanding works of a few years back which have never been given domestic release. This time it is Honegger's controversial biblical opera of a decade ago which is brought to our attention in a tabloid

version with spoken lines (in French) to preserve the continuity. The principal protagonist is the distinguished Claire Croiza, to whom the work is dedicated, though her part is really secondary to that of the excellent Coecilia Chorus of Antwerp.

Honegger's *Judith* was first conceived as incidental music for the drama of René Morax, and was heard in that form on June 11, 1925. The following February 13 the work made its appearance as an opera at Monte Carlo, and in that form it was brought to Chicago on January 27, 1927, with Mary Garden in the title role. For advance publicity Miss Garden described the opera as something to make *Salome* seem like a nursery rhyme. Apparently Mary had overstated the case, for there was no attendant scandal, and the work passed into the limbo of the accomplishments of Mr. Insull's opera company.

The resemblance between this and the Milhaud music for Claudel's *L'Orestie d'Eschyle* (which was recorded under the identical auspices and released by Columbia about a year ago) seems at first hearing rather more than striking. Some of the edge, then, may be taken from this release for those familiar with the other. As a matter of historical record, Milhaud's work was not produced until 1927, though this proves nothing so far as priority of conception is concerned. We must regard the relationship as mere coincidence: perhaps it is not surprising that two composers whose names had been associated as members of the famous group of "six" should happen to strike so nearly the same note.

Likewise the recordings of the two works will be found to be a very good match. Again Mme. Croiza displays her magnificent French diction in the explanatory spoken lines, and again the chorus copes successfully with the cruelly difficult tessitura. The reproduction, like that of the Milhaud work, belies its years.

—P. M.

* * *

SCHUBERT: *Ave Maria, and Serenade*; sung in English by Charles Kullman, with orchestral accompaniments. Columbia disc No. 9130-M, price \$1.50.

THIS record has a legitimate *raison d'être*, for many people like a song sung to an acceptable English text when the original is

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SWING MUSIC NOTES

By ENZO ARCHETTI

Ellingtonians again have cause for rejoicing for, in addition to the long promised concert, now definitely to be given at Carnegie Hall in October, the Duke has been signed to write the music for the next Plantation Club show, which is scheduled for a September premiere. In addition to this the Duke and his band will, almost without doubt, again follow Cab Calloway into the Cotton Club. Ellington will probably take over early in the Spring of the new year. At present the Ellington band is on a tour of the theatres.

Incidentally, a new Ellington group has appeared on Variety records under the name of Ivie Anderson and her Boys from Dixie. With this, there are now five jam groups on Variety records composed of selected men from Ellington's band. These jam groups are some of the happiest ideas Ellington, or whoever was responsible for their creation, ever had. In some ways, the records made by these groups are better than those of the entire orchestra. Compare the Master and Variety recordings of *Caravan* and you will see what I mean.

The Saturday Night Swing Club continues unperturbed by the summer heat. A bit repetitious sometimes because of the scarcity of swing artists in New York but nevertheless always good. Another example of the S. N. S. C.'s contribution to recorded music appears on Variety under the name of Johnny Williams and his Quintet which is Raymond Scott and his Quintet, of course, except that the Scott name is reserved for the Master label and for Scott compositions. The numbers recorded on Variety are "pop" tunes.

Someone once said that imitation is the sincerest kind of flattery. It is a great compliment indeed then, that so soon after its sensational rise to fame, the Raymond Scott Quintet should have an imitator — Bert Shefter and his Rhythm Octet. Their first recordings — *S. O. S.*, *Locomotive*, and *Chopin's Ghost* — appeared recently on Victor. Like all imitations, these are not as good as the original. Immensely clever though they are, and effectively orchestrated, they lack that one touch which makes Raymond Scott's work so outstanding — humor. With the exception of *Chopin's Ghost*, which has some of that tongue-in-the-cheek attitude, the other pieces are just — imitations.

One of the cleverest and most original swing programs on the air at present is the one known as *Bughouse Rhythm*, which is aired by WEAJ every Friday at 7:45 P. M. The entire program is one of gentle spoofing carried out with a mock seriousness which is convulsively funny. An announcer, who goes by the resounding name of G. Archibald Presby introduces each swing number with the seriousness of a symphony concert commentator, complete with detailed analyses of the various "movements"

and "themes", appropriately illustrated by the orchestra, and comments on their historic and aesthetic significance. The orchestra, an unnamed group with excellent swing qualities, is directed by Dr. Meeken, who very ably underscores all the mock seriousness of G. Archibald Presby by choosing some of the most ridiculously appropriate swing numbers to play. There is only one criticism of the program: it is too short — only fifteen minutes. It deserves a whole hour. The program is enthusiastically recommended to all swing fans and to all lovers of good fun, cleverly presented.

One of the most popular tunes of the moment, and one which promises to create a new dance craze like *Truckin'*, *Lindy Hop*, *Susie-Q*, etc., is *Posin'*. Clever it is but there is also something very familiar about it. Compare it with the Fletcher Henderson record of *Big John's Special*. Is there a distinct resemblance or am I hearing things?

In a letter to *Metronome*, published in the August issue, Hugues Panassie and Charles Delauney correct an impression which is an unintentional injustice to one of the finest swing groups existing today — the Quintette of the Hot Club of France. Invariably, it is named in articles and record reviews, and announced on the air, as "Stephane Grappelly and the Hot Club of France Quintette." Panassie and Delauney point out that the leader and originator of the group is really Django Reinhardt, who, with his brother Joe, and Louis Vola on bass, were the nucleus of the Quintette. Stephane Grappelly was added later. The misunderstanding was the result of recording contracts which prevented the use of Reinhardt's name when the group recorded for English Decca. The American Decca Company compromises by naming the group "Stephane Grappelly and his Hot Four with Django Reinhardt."

Beginning in the September issue of *Metronome*, Bunney Berigan is publishing a series of articles on swing music. Incidentally, what is wrong with Bunney and his orchestra? His latest records and broadcasts sound as if he is in the rut and not in the groove.

There is an old proverb which warns "let sleeping dogs lie." But I cannot resist the temptation to dig up the old bone of contention of what swing really is and to find out what resulted from that Hibbs-Mackenzie-Scholes controversy which flared up into fierce words in the pages of the *Gramophone* not so long ago. The Hibbs-Mackenzie sides we know well but what of Percy Scholes, who started the whole affair when he went in search of a definition for the *Radio Times Handbook* which he was compiling? In an article titled *What Swing Really Is* in a recent issue of the *Radio Times*, Percy Scholes reveals the result of his inquiries.

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EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 157)

as it may seem, many genuine music lovers are being developed through this anachronous association. Offhand, from a psychological standpoint, I would be inclined to view this association of opposing musical forces as the result of an inner urge for definite contrast. There is, however, more behind it than that. The improvisatory character of swing music has brought into jazz the use of opposing melodic lines, which is after all only counterpoint (even if we consider it simply a bastard type). Through swing music many music lovers have learned to feel musical lines apart from harmony. Since Bach and his predecessors were chiefly concerned with counterpoint, it is not surprising to find the swing enthusiast becoming a Bach and pre-Bach enthusiast also.

An experiment made by a pedagogical friend of mine deserves outlining here. Teaching musical appreciation in the settlement schools, he was requested by a group to play some jazz records for a change. Swallowing his pride and his momentary chagrin, he played several Bach gigue and bourées, and to his amazement found the group accepting them as music of a popular genre. Through this ruse, which he later admitted to the class, he established a channel by which he was able to develop considerable musical appreciation to the satisfaction of all concerned.

It is well known that Bach and many of his predecessors used the popular dance forms of their day in their music, and I dare say that some of those forms, like the gigue and the bourée, were regarded as the "swing music" of their time. In any event, it is certain the melodic lines used by Bach and others have offered great quantities of source material to present-day composers of jazz. As a matter of fact constant listening to the radio would convince any one that the jazz or dance musician is more familiar with the classics today than he ever was.

To return to my psychological deduction—that these opposing musical forces are the result of an inner urge for definite contrast—few will deny that the trend of popular music today is chaotic, pagan, rhythmically free and nerve-wracking as opposed to the serenity and restfulness of Bach's music. The vital force of jazz may be its rhythmic free-

dom, and one of its most attractive features may be its nonchalance; yet these qualities are apt to prove enervating as well as stimulating.

Jazz is undoubtedly a reflection of the machine age in its driving impulse and its rhythmic stress. And this too has something to do with the seemingly anachronous association of music outlined above. Perhaps no composer of another age ever fitted ours more aptly than Bach does, for Bach is mechanistic in more than one way: the inevitability of his musical lines is as precise as the pulsations of a machine. The difference between much modern music and more particularly swing music and the music of Bach and his times is that the one is completely lacking in serenity and refinement, while the other is distinguished by these qualities. The one is entirely devoid of any soul, while the other is impregnated with that most essential quality of the intellect of man.

It is not the desire to escape the machine, the driving impulse of modern dance music, that causes one to seek out the music of Bach, his predecessors and Beethoven, but a deeper human motive: a desire for that more universal note which is to be encountered in the music of the masters.

If modern dance music can stimulate people's interest in the music of such masters as Bach and Beethoven, then surely it should be incorporated in the regular music courses of our universities. It is in my estimation a far healthier and saner way to acquire musical appreciation through rhythmic impulse than through sentimentality. And modern swing definitely is based upon and exploits rhythm.

—The Editor.

VOCAL

(Continued from Page 183)

in a foreign language. Kullman's clear diction make the words easily understandable.

The young tenor shows his usual merits in these favorite Schubert songs. He sings with genuine feeling; he has the good taste to follow the music simply and modestly, making no bid for any personal attention. The singing is careful and controlled, yet always effective.

An unobtrusive orchestra plays the accompaniments in both songs. The recording is clear and natural.

—A. P. D.

IN THE POPULAR VEIN

By HORACE VAN NORMAN

STANDARD POPULAR

AAAA—*Are All My Favorite Bands Playing or Am I Dreaming?* by an anonymous orchestra, and *Burglar's Revenge*, by Bert Shefter's Rhythm Octet. Victor 25632.

EVERY once in a blue moon, some individual connected with one or the other of the recording studios kicks over the traces and comes forward with an idea that is absolutely original and without precedent. Rudy Vallee's famous (or infamous) version of *The Drunkard Song* in which he pretends with a complete lack of conviction, to break down with unrestrained mirth is a case in point. This was, to us, a thoroughly stupid piece of business, although the record has had, I believe, a fair sale. We have under consideration here, however, in the extraordinary *Favorite Bands* business, a different proposition altogether. This is a perfectly hilarious spoof directed at stylistic absurdities and extravagances of a half dozen or more of our most popular and hallowed bands. Whoever is actually responsible for this grand piece of slapstick should be awarded a medal for something or other and a persistent and, we believe, well-founded rumor has it that the culprits are none other than Tommy Dorsey and those zanies of his. The most completely unbearable aspects of Shep Fields, Wayne King, Eddie Duchin, and a number of others are here reduced to a shambles, and we, for one, shall view its commercial success (or lack of it) with a great amount of interest.

* * * *

AAAA—*The Loveliness of You*, and *Till the Clock Strikes Three*, by Russ Morgan and his Orchestra. Brunswick 7931.

IT is extremely doubtful if the highly active and industrious song-writing team of Gordon and Revel have ever written a single song which has the seeds of permanence, as have so many by writers like Kern, Gershwin, Youmans, or Rodgers and Hart. It is equally doubtful, however, if any song-writ-

ing team currently active can begin to duplicate the persistence and consistency with which this pair can turn out what might be termed "hits of the moment."

Since it is this latter quality which the picture producers are, presumably, chiefly interested in, it is not difficult to understand the tremendous amount of work they are given to do in Hollywood. The most recent film for which they have supplied the score is *You Can't Have Everything*, and *The Loveliness of You* appears to be the hit tune of the film. Morgan does a melting performance of it and extracts every drop of sentimentality possible from it, which is plenty.

* * * *

AAA—*All You Want To Do Is Dance*, and *My Cabin of Dreams*. Gus Arnheim and his Orchestra. Brunswick 7933.

ARNHEIM is a veteran bandsman who manages to maintain a fair degree of popularity through the years and is presently appearing at the New Yorker in an apparently successful engagement. His present style, as with so many others, is an attempt to pattern upon that of Goodman, without its being so apparent as to be termed imitative. While he is a long way from Goodman, the band, nevertheless, achieves an effective method of "swinging" smooth tunes by keeping plenty of rhythmic motion in the brass in opposition to the perfectly straightforward melodic work of the saxes. The former tune is from the new Crosby vehicle, *Double or Nothing*, and looks like a hit, and here, as elsewhere, the really good vocals of Jimmy Farrell are a help.

* * * *

AAA—*The Folks Who Live on the Hill*, and *Can I Forget You?* Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Victor 25615.

A BRACE of tunes from the current Jerome Kern film, *High, Wide, and Handsome*, these are, I fear. Class B Kern, (which still puts them ahead of most of their competi-

tors) and they are bound to prove disappointing to the admirers of a song-writer who, year in and year out, has done more really distinguished work in the field of the popular song than anyone else in America. His ill health, news of which recently comes from Hollywood, undoubtedly has something to do with the comparative mediocrity of these numbers, but a Kern melody, even if not off the very top shelf, will never go begging, and Lombardo does his usual oily job on these.

AAA—*The Moon Got In My Eyes*, and *It's the Natural Thing to Do*. Hal Kemp and his Orchestra. Victor 25621.

KEMP'S version of the former tune seems to us inferior on the whole to Arnheim's (reviewed elsewhere) but *It's the Natural Thing to Do* turns out to be the best record that Kemp has made in months, principally because the tune is virtually made to order for him, and will prove highly pleasing to his very, very large band of admirers.

HOT JAZZ

AAAA—*Roll 'Em*, and *Afraid to Dream*. Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. Victor 25627.

WHILE this very excellent record unquestionably merits the rating given here, it serves to illustrate perfectly a fact that is becoming increasingly apparent of late, namely that Goodman is slipping. For a burn-up swing job, there is still no one who can quite take the roof off the way Goodman can, and *Roll 'Em* is just that kind of a recording. The main objection is that his methods are becoming so very monotonous. And if his methods in a fast, swing number are monotonous, his methods in a slow, quasi-commercial tune like *Afraid to Dream* are infinitely more so. As we have gone to some pains to point out in the past, you cannot possibly play *Sweet Leilani* the same way that you'd play *Tiger Rag*, which is, baldly, what we're getting at.

AAAA—*The Morning After*, and *Do You Ever Think of Me?* Red Norvo and his Orchestra. Brunswick 7932.

OF the bands which are competing for the place which Goodman seems about to vacate at the top of the heap, none is shining forth more promisingly these days than Red Norvo and his group. Superb musician and brilliant xylophonist, he has got together a thoroughly first-rate group that becomes better with each new disc. *The Morning After* is just one of those tunes that no one could do very much with and Norvo's record-

ing of it is chiefly distinguished by Mildred Bailey's vocalizing, than which there is none, etc., etc., but *Do You Ever Think of Me?* is a perfectly swell example of a smooth, fast swing job that really rides without blasting your ear-drums.

AAA—I *Ain't Got Nobody*, and *Batsin Street Blues*. Fats Waller and his Piano. Victor 25631.

THOSE of us who have always known that Fats was considerably more than a portly buffoon with a good right hand at the piano can be highly pleased with this disc. Just piano solos, minus altogether the caterwauling that *does* get distressing and also without the pianistic exhibitionism that characterizes his band recordings not infrequently. These are delightfully unpretentious, heartfelt arguments which no one but Fats could give us.

AAA—*You're My Desire*, and *In My Meditations*. Tommy Dorsey and his Clambake Seven. Victor 25625.

HOT, but smooth, work by Dorsey as only Dorsey, apparently, is able to achieve. The tunes are negligible but Dorsey infuses them with enough vitality to make them travel on their own power, as he always does.

OTHER CURRENT POPULAR RELEASES

(The following are rated from quality of performance regardless of record quality.)

AAA—*Afraid to Dream*, and *If You Ever Should Leave*. Art Shaw and his Orchestra. Brunswick 7934.

AAA—*Heaven Help This Heart of Mine*, and *Harbor Lights*. Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. Bluebird B-7067.

AAA—*Listen My Children*, and *You Shall Hear*, and *Smarty*. Count Basil and his Orchestra. Decca 1379.

AAA—*Born to Love*, and *I Hum a Waltz*. Will Osborne and his Orchestra. Decca 1362.

AAA—*Can I Forget You?* and *The Things I Want*. Vincent Lopez and his Orchestra. Melotone 7-09-06.

AA—*Pecnin*, and *Manhattan Jam*. Cab Calloway and his Orchestra. Variety VA 612.

AA—*All God's Chillun Got Rhythm*, and *Chris and his Gang*. Fletcher Henderson and his Orchestra. Vocalion 3641.

(Continued on Page 196)

Record Collectors' Corner

Ponselle and Raisa

By JULIAN MORTON MOSES

SOME time ago, I made a rash promise to compare the two Rosas. I confess never to have contemplated its fulfillment. But accidents will happen. Such a one was this month's release (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) of a Raisa record made a while back in Milan. So, with fingers crossed, I take my chances and hope that the result will not be any further broken ribs.

At the outset, let me state that both Rosa Raisa and Rosa Ponselle would have been great in any age, golden or otherwise metallic. Also, let me insist that, in spite of a few adverse critics, they represented an artistic achievement based upon musical and dramatic intuition of the highest order. They were born superior in equipment, struggled less to achieve mastery and lost perfect placement earlier than most singers of a like calibre. Why is this so? I think the answer is mainly that of temperament. Neither Ponselle nor Raisa could conserve what they so abundantly possessed because their singing was all-absorbing and probably all-gratifying.

They had essentially the same repertoire in opera, Ponselle being slightly the more eclectic on the concert platform. Ponselle also had more diversity in her acting ability. But Raisa was the superior artist in her prime. She boasted the simplicity in style along with the restrained passion of her many Jewish predecessors on the stage. She it was who created *Turandot* and *Nerone* at Toscanini's behest. She, who reigned supreme for fifteen years as dramatic soprano of the Chicago Opera. She needed not the Metropolitan, except, perhaps, that being here, her records would have been better. Yet through their roughness and blasting and unfaithful reproductions of quality (I refer to her Vocalion records) there shines a true musical genius. No, Ponselle and Raisa stand side by side when compared with most others; compared between themselves, the one must occupy a slightly lower pinnacle.

My first response to the request for opinions on the subject of re-recordings is decidedly "pro." It will serve admirably to preface this month's reviews.

Dear Mr. Moses:

You ask opinions about re-recordings, and I should much like to know what answers you get as the attitude of that mad fraternity, record collectors, on this subject needs clarification. Of course in a way they are not as desirable as records pressed from the master or a shell, but when these are destroyed, the problem is, would you rather have a re-recording or do without the record entirely? and that is a question dependent on how much you want the record. It is surely better to have as good a re-recording as pos-

sible of Jenny Lind's *Casta Diva* or Christine Nilsson's *Hamlet Mad Scene*, than not to have them at all, and I can hardly believe if such treasures turned up that any collector with a tittle of interest in the art and history of singing would not jump at them. Those who most desired originals and have fits over numbers etched, pressed, scratched or printed under, over or behind the label, I merely dismiss with a wave of the hand. (You can print this verbatim as far as I am concerned.)

The next question is, how closely do recordings approximate the original records? There is no rule. It depends on how much success the engineers' experiments have had, and that depends a good deal on their interest and on the record being copied. Any record can be copied, and can be improved in some respects if not all. Engineers have in their laboratories high-powered and excellent machines for reproduction, better than any of our parlor phonographs; and with these all that is in the grooves can be coaxed out. I was present at the recordings of several cylinders, for example. And the machine used to reproduce them was a far better machine than the poor motor, tin horn and rattling sound box used in the old days and put out by Mr. Edison. Things never heard before

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in the records, like certain instruments—castanets, bassoons, etc.—were for the first time audible.

Yours,

OTTO G. PRATT

Salt Lake City, Utah

MASSANET: *Manon, Au Cours - la - Reine*; and BOURGEOIS: *La Veritable Manola*, sung by Blanche Arral, soprano. I. R. C. C. No. 100; 12-inch disc (autographed), price \$2.25.

AFTER more than a year of research and experiment, I. R. C. C. has, for the first time, re-recorded cylinders successfully. They are distinct and natural as to the voice and the orchestra (such as it was) and reproduce faithfully the timbre and personality of an unusual organ. Furthermore, the *Manon* selection has a particular attraction in the fact that Madame Arral boasts of her participation in the original performance of the opera under her family name of Clara Lardinois and was coached in her part by the composer himself. When her cylinders were released in the period between November 1909 and January, 1911 (there were nine in all) this selection was unpublished but a test copy was fortunately found only last year by the singer in her attic.

We are privileged to state that enough Arral cylinders have been re-recorded to make up an album of four double faced 12-inch records. They will be released, one at a time, throughout the next season.

AUBER: *Manon Lescaut, C'est l'histoire amoureuse*; sung by Yvonne de Treville, soprano, and PUCINI: *Manon Lescaut, In quelle trine morbide*; sung by Lucrezia Bori, soprano. I. R. C. C. No. 101, ten-inch disc, price \$1.75.

TWO more versions of the Abbe Prevost tale complete this month's set of re-recordings. Although the tests arrived too late for review, we have possessed for some time the original cylinders which were released November 1916 and September 1910, respectively. The one is a brilliant and vivacious rendition of the famous *Laughing Song* by a native of Texas, whose greatest successes were gained abroad, and the other a plaintive, irresistible excerpt from the opera in which a native of Valencia first began her conquest of America.

STRAUSS: *Salomé, Jochanaan, ich bin verliebt*, sung by Johanna Gadski, soprano; and MOZART: *Magic Flute, Papagena, Papageno*, sung by Johanna Gadski, soprano, and Otto Goritz, baritone. H. R. S. No. 1008, ten-inch disc, price \$2.00.

TWO of the most sought-after records in the entire Victor lists are here coupled for the first time. It is a far cry from Mozart to Strauss, yet somehow the contrast is not disturbing. For one thing, Gadski sang all music as if it were tone as well as meaning. As a second attraction, her alliterative mate is far more supple than his usual stolid self. Altogether, this is a "must list" disc. Historians will note that the first side appears for a

brief spell as No. 81089, after which it was changed to 87028 in which form it remained in the catalogue from 1909 to 1912. It has been out of it for all of twenty-five years.

ROSSINI: *William Tell, Sois immobile*, sung by Marcel Renaud; and MOZART: *Don Giovanni, Fin ch'an dal vino*, sung by Mattia Battistini. H. R. S. No. 1007, 10-inch disc, price \$2.00.

ALTHOUGH this record did not reach us in time for review, it is safe to recommend Tell's noble exhortation when sung by a Renaud, and the Don's sparkling champagne song from the lips of a Battistini. The European originals (G. & T. Nos. 3-32671 and 52663) date from 1906 Paris and 1903 Warsaw. Their domestic counterparts (Victor Nos. 91068 and 5118) were in the catalogue for a very brief time, the first from March to November 1907, the second from 1903 to 1907.

ERNEST LA PRADE . . .

(Continued from Page 160)

enthusiastic participant, "it's the one program of the week that I insist on being home for, rain or shine, in spite of hell, high-water and other people's cocktail parties."

"We are disgusted," writes another in contrast to the above. "For five weeks we have tried to play with you and had little success. First — we seldom get the beat from the metronome . . . Second — as we play string bass and cello, we would appreciate some one calling out the sections of the piece as we reach them. This may sound amateurish and unconventional, but as we cannot see you directing and follow the baton, we have to depend upon sound which is quite different."

What marvelous possibilities a program like that of the NBC-Home Symphony would have with television can be imagined from the above. Let us hope it expands and expands and endures until such time as television shall be as practical and as feasible as everyday radio.

And let us end by quoting again from a letter which presents not only our wishes but those, we feel certain, of many thousands of people — "Thanking the National Broadcasting Company for such a valuable program, we believe it will grow more popular and valuable."

If you play an instrument, reader, "dust it off" and join in the band, for there's no fun like participating in music. We know.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 171)

RECORD INSURANCE

To the Editor of The American Music Lover:

The August issue of your interesting magazine reached me this morning, and I am writing to you with reference to the published letter of Mr. Lawton B. Kline of Reno, Nevada, appearing on Page 130, in regard to record insurance.

For a number of years I have been a collector of rare and historical records and I have realized the need for a Fine Arts All-Risks Policy for record collections. Only recently was I able to persuade one of the largest and oldest companies in America, with world-wide facilities for loss adjustments, to issue such a policy on my private collection. Mr. Kline's letter has made me realize that other collectors have experienced similar difficulty in securing complete protection. As the insurance company has expressed its willingness to write similar policies for other collectors, I would like to bring this available coverage to the attention of collectors throughout the United States I have had business dealings with this company for many years. I have explained to them about the values of the rarer records, the destruction of numerous matrices, the difficulty of locating the old records, etc.

It is obvious that there will be many advantages for collectors when numbers of collections are insured with the same company and through a broker who is an active collector and would be interested in seeing that claim adjustments were promptly and correctly settled. For several years I have handled parcel post insurance claims for a company that ships both new and auction records, and each claim has been efficiently and satisfactorily handled.

For your information, an All-Risks policy, as its name implies, covers practically all hazards except wear and tear, or individual breaks (though the latter losses would be paid if the breakage was the result of fire, earthquake, explosion, etc.) Collections of modern electric records could be insured as well as the historical ones. No blanket coverage is given, but each record is listed briefly and an insured valuation placed beside it. The rates, based mainly on the fire insurance rate of the building where the collection is housed, are very nominal considering the broad protection.

Sincerely yours,

O. H. PARKER.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 11, 1937.

RADIO NOTES

Frank Black's String Symphony

September 15

HAYDN: *Divertimento in E flat*

JUON: *Serenade, Opus 85*

SACCHISE: *Musik fuer Streich-Orkester*

September 22

SKERJANC: *Preludio*

TSCHAIKOWSKY: *Serenade, Opus 48*

TANSMAN: *Triptique*

KAUN: *Drei Bagatellen*

New Kostelanez Series

A galaxy of guest stars, chosen from among the cream of vocal and instrumental artists of the world, will highlight the new series of musical programs with Andre Kostelanez and an augmented concert orchestra of more than 45-pieces, to be presented each Wednesday from 9:00 to 9:30 P.M., EST, starting September 29, over the WABC-Columbia network.

Sharing honors with Kostelanez on the first broadcast of the new series, the guest soloist will be the American baritone, John Charles Thomas, of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Deems Taylor, music critic and composer noted for his informal and stimulating discussions of music, will serve as commentator and master of ceremonies for the new series. Paul Douglas will be the announcer.

The programs will be classical in nature and emphasis will be placed on the performance of American works. A large chorus will be added to the programs from time to time to supplement the musical activities of the guest stars and the large orchestra.

* * * *

New Ford Sunday Hour

A brilliant array of world-famous vocalists, instrumentalists and conductors will highlight the 1937-1938 season of the "Ford Sunday Evening Hour" when it reopens its weekly broadcasts over 97 stations of the coast-to-coast WABC-Columbia network Sunday, September 12, from 9:00 to 10:00 P.M., EDT, after a 13-week vacation from the airlines.

Jose Iturbi, noted pianist-conductor, will direct the 75-piece Ford Symphony Orchestra and the chorus in the season's initial broadcast and John Charles Thomas, Metropolitan Opera baritone, again has been chosen to be the first guest soloist as he was last year.

Iturbi will conduct for the first eight weeks, from September 12 through October

IN THE POPULAR VEIN

(Continued from Page 192)

- AA—*Yours and Mine, and Sun Showers.* Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra. Decca 1369.
- AA—*Afraid to Dream, and Danger, Love at Work.* Louis Prima and his New Orleans Gang. Vocalion 3628.
- AA—*The First Time I Saw You, and Raggin' the Scale.* Jimmy Lunceford and his Orchestra. Decca 1364.
- AA—*That Old Feeling, and Lovely One.* Guy Lombardo and his Orchestra. Victor 25629.
- AA—*Tea and Trumpets, and The Back Room Romp.* Rex Stewart and his 52nd Street Stompers. Variety VA 618.
- AA—*Yours and Mine, and I'm Feelin' Like a Million.* Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra. Decca 1368.
- A—*Roses in December, and Let's Have Another Cigarette.* Sterling Young and his Orchestra. Melotone 7-09-02.
- A—*My Cabin of Dreams, and Lovely One.* George Hall and his Orchestra. Variety VA 611.

SWING MUSIC NOTES

(Continued from Page 189)

"No phase of the art (music) has hitherto proved incapable of definition, and it is simply incredible to me that the unsophisticated Southern Negro and the clever New York Jew should between them have flooded the world with a type of music so subtle that whilst everyone can recognize it when they hear it, nobody can pin down its special characteristics In order to define any one of the myriad forms of animated nature the biologist takes specimens of that form and considers what qualities are peculiar to themselves. In order to define anything musical we should do just the same thing and this is what I have done. My plan has been to ask my friends, the gramophone companies, to send me records of what they consider to be really typical specimens of Swing Music, and then to listen to these analytically I have listened to them all repeatedly and after this thorough test the conclusion that at once came to me after the mere initial run-through is confirmed I find to my surprise that *these is such a thing as Swing Music* Swing Music is, of course, Jazz, but it is a particular sort of Jazz. The very name suggests that it is Jazz with some special rhythmic quality and this I find to be the case All the records sent to me possess a rhythmic feature which, so far as my knowledge of music goes, is entirely new — at any rate on this scale and with this persistence. All have a percussive background (a mere repetition

of a few simple, very simple chords), with a melody or succession of melodies superposed, but the real point is that whilst the percussive accompaniment proceeds with an absolute clock-tick regularity, the melodic stuff superposed on it proceeds with a rhythmic freedom and even nonchalance.

"Everybody has heard the term *tempo rubato* — literally 'robbed time', a slight taking of time from one note in the phrase to give it to another, to convey a feeling of elasticity whilst never losing the feeling of the inevitability of the beats and bars. This *tempo rubato* is a very ancient practice but we hear most of it in connection with the performance of Chopin's piano music, which, to make its effect, must be played in 'free time but not bad time' It has sometimes been stated that in such compositions as Chopin's the left hand part (which is usually accompanimental) should proceed regularly, the *tempo rubato* being confined to the right hand (which is melodic). In my judgment such a procedure would, with Chopin, be quite inadmissible it would often result in grave harmonic clashes But with the quite naively simple harmonic accompanimental scheme of Jazz the thing is possible.

"And so the feet of the dancers can keep time to the metronomic percussive department of the Jazz orchestra whilst around and above this strict rhythm circle the melodic arabesques, with their anticipations of beat and retardations of beat, of some one member (occasionally more than one) of the melody section.

"That then is 'Swing'. It is something like the combination of rhythms in a regiment steadily marching down the road whilst a little dog runs beside it, now a bit ahead, now a bit behind

"Ought I to close with a formal definition? If so I will not fully define Swing Music, which would involve my repeating the list of normal Jazz characteristics that we all know, but will merely define the distinctive element of 'Swing': 'Swing is that pleasantly disturbing rhythmic element in modern dance music which consists of a conflict between the accompaniment section of the instrumental ensemble, keeping strict time, and the melodic section, employing a free *rubato* — the one section peremptorily guiding the feet of the dancer whilst the other seductively intrigues the ear'."

To which we add: what clearer explanation could we ask for?

(Continued from Previous Page)

31. The baton is to be taken over by Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, for the eight weeks between November 7 and December 26. The next director will be Alexander Smallens from January 2 through January 30. Then will follow Fritz Reiner, for nine weeks, from February 6 through April 3. Iturbi is to return for the two programs of April 10 and 17 and Ormandy for those of April 24 and May 1. The concluding five weeks of the season will be under the direction of one of the world's most widely known conductors whose name is to be announced at an early date.

NBC

Sundays
7:00 P.
9:30 P.
12:00 No
3:00 P.

Mondays
8:30 P.
10:30 P.

Tuesday
7:15 P.

Wednes
2:30 P.
6:15 P.
7:45 P.

Thursda
2:00 P.

Fridays
5:00 P.
6:15 P.
8:00 P.
9:00 P.

Saturda
3:00 P.
7:45 P.
8:45 P.

Sunday
12:30 P.
2:30 P.
5:00 P.

Monday
6:15 P.
8:30 P.

Tuesday
2:30 P.
5:15 P.
7:15 P.
7:45 P.
10:30 P.

Wedne
10:00 P.

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(Eastern Daylight Saving Time)

NBC HIGHLIGHTS FOR SEPTEMBER

(Red Network)

Sundays—

- 7:00 P.M.—Fireside Recitals
- 9:30 P.M.—American Album of Familiar Music
- 12:00 Noon—The Hour Glass — Musicale
- 3:00 P.M.—Tapestry of Melody

Mondays—

- 8:30 P.M.—Voice of Firestone
- 10:30 P.M.—Music for Moderns

Tuesdays—

- 7:15 P.M.—Vocal Varieties

Wednesdays—

- 2:30 P.M.—General Federation of Women's Clubs
- 6:15 P.M.—Carol Leis, soprano
- 7:45 P.M.—Jean Sablon, songs

Thursdays—

- 2:00 P.M.—NBC Music Guild

Fridays—

- 5:00 P.M.—Arthur Lang, baritone
- 6:15 P.M.—Barry McKinley, baritone
- 8:00 P.M.—Cities Service Concert
- 9:00 P.M.—Waltz Time

Saturdays—

- 3:00 P.M.—Concert Miniature
- 7:45 P.M.—Luboschutz and Nemenoff, piano duo
- 8:45 P.M.—Spitalny and NBC Concert Hour

(Blue Network)

Sundays—

- 12:30 P.M.—Radio City Music Hall
- 2:30 P.M.—RCA Magic Key
- 5:00 P.M.—Noble Cain and A Cappella Choir

Mondays—

- 6:15 P.M.—U. S. Army Band
- 8:30 P.M.—Paul Martin and his Music

Tuesdays—

- 2:30 P.M.—Music Guild
- 5:15 P.M.—Alma Schirmer, pianist
- 7:15 P.M.—Rabinoff, violinist
- 7:45 P.M.—Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano
- 10:30 P.M.—Past Master's Program

Wednesdays—

- 10:00 P.M.—Frank Black and NBC String Sym.

Thursdays—

- 2:30 P.M.—Piano Recital
- 3:00 P.M.—NBC-Light Opera Company
- 8:30 P.M.—Helen Traubel, soprano
- 1:45 P.M.—Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano.

Fridays—

- 12:15 P.M.—U. S. Marine Band
- 7:15 P.M.—Fray and Braggiotti, piano team
- 11:00 P.M.—Promenade Concert

Saturdays—

- 3:00 P.M.—Whitney Ensemble
- 6:35 P.M.—Whither Music?

COLUMBIA HIGHLIGHTS FOR SEPT.

Sundays—

- 12:30 P.M.—Salt Lake City Tabernacle
- 3:00 P.M.—Everybody's Music — Barlow and Symphony Orchestra
- 9:00 P.M.—Ford Sunday Hour
- 10:00 P.M.—N. Y. Phil. Orch. (to Aug. 15th)

Mondays—

- 3:30 P.M.—Pops Concerts — Howard Barlow
- 5:00 P.M.—Clyde Barrie, Negro baritone

Tuesdays—

- 3:30 P.M.—Columbia Concert Hall
- 10:30 P.M.—Russell Dorr, baritone

Wednesdays—

- 3:30 P.M.—Columbia Concert Hall
- 6:00 P.M.—Del Casino, tenor
- 9:00 P.M.—Kostelanetz Orch. with Soloists
- 9:30 P.M.—Jessica Dragonette — Charles Kullman

Thursdays—

- 4:00 P.M.—Howells and Wright, piano team
- 6:00 P.M.—Del Casino, tenor
- 8:00 P.M.—Columbia Concert Orchestra

Fridays—

- 3:00 P.M.—Kreiner String Quartet in Mozart Cycle
- 6:00 P.M.—Margaret Daum, soprano
- 10:00 P.M.—Kitty Carlisle, soprano and Reed Kennedy, baritone

Saturdays—

- 11:30 A.M.—Columbia Concert Hall
- 7:30 P.M.—Columbia Concert Hall

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Edited by Compton Mackenzie
and Christopher Stone

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